THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Tranfactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diverfion Interefting to the Man of Pleafure, Enterprize, and Spirit,

For MAY, 1794.

CONTAINING

	Page
Exhibition of Sporting Subjects at the Royal Academy, 1794 — —	67
Extraordinary Leap over a Five-barred Gate — —	70
Pedigree and Performance of that celebrated Horfe Dubfkelper —	ibid
Curious Particulars of the Horfes of this Country in antient Times	72
Hiftorical Effay on the Chafe —	73
Defcription of the Sloptzi — —	74
——— of a Trap to catch Sables	75
Method of taking the Whale —	ibid
Further account of Big Ben —	77
Digeft of the Laws concerning Game	79
Sporting Review — —	80
Manner of taking the Elephant in the Ifland of Ceylon — —	83
Incongruous Adoption — —	84
The Game of Hazard — —	85
Cocking — —	86
Colt Match — —	ibid
Natural Hiftory of the Quail	ibid
Account of the Dog Eaters at Cafalnuovo — — —	87
Natural Hiftory of the Grous	88
Sufferings of Lieut. George Spearing	90
Stewards of Races — —	92
Extraordinary Horfe Race —	94
Sporting Contrafts — —	ibid
Account of the New Comedy of the Jew — —	96
Account of the Opera of Love and Honour — —	97
——— the Packet Boat	98
Feaft of Wit — —	99
Medical Anecdote — —	100
Sporting Portraits — —	ibid
Natural Hiftory of the Wolf	104
Ranelagh Mafquerade — —	106
Wonderful Sportfmen —	ibid
Manner of taking Doves between Gratia and Tarento —	107
Games and Diverfions of the Spaniards	109
Remarkable Fox Chafe —	110
Inftance of Longevity in a Hen	111
Law Intelligence — —	ibid
Royal Chafe — — —	112
Female Caprice — —	ibid
Britifh Synonymy —	113
Reflections on the Inceftuous and Immoral Practice of making Bulls in England — —	115
Curious Epitaph at Bakewell Church in Derbyfhire — —	ibid
Sporting Intelligence — —	ibid
Chefs Club — —	116
Cricket Match at Lord's Ground,	117
Pedeftrianifm Extraordinary	118
Cricket Match — —	ibid
Anecdote of Mr. Leflie Groves	119
Matrimonial Precipitation	120
Anecdote of the late celebrated Buck Englifh — —	ibid
Mad Dog — — —	ibid
POETRY.—Prologue to the Jew.—Epilogue to ditto.—Songs in Love and Honour.—The Bar.—Epigram—Scot's Song.—To thofe who underftand Them.—Song.—Ode—Air in the Packet Boat.—Stanzas by Dr. Johnfon.—Mrs. Wells's Addrefs at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. — —	121—124
RACING CALENDAR. — Winning Horfes in 1793 —Races paft in 1794. Newmarket.—Craven Meeting.—Firft Spring Meeting.—Catterick Bridge.—Chefter.—York Spring Meeting.—Richmond.—Wakefield. Epfom —Afcot. —	9—20

Beautifully decorated with 1. A Trap called the Sloptzi to catch Gelinottes, Hares, &c. 2. A Trap to catch Sables. 3. An admirable Reprefentation of an extraordinary Fox Chafe, by the DUKE of BEAUFORT'S Hounds, beautifully engraved by Cook.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS:

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick Square, near St. Paul's; a WILLIAM BURREL'S Circulating Library, Newmarket; and by every Bookfeller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DESCRIPTION of a Modern Bull-fight at Madrid; tranflated from the French of the Chevalier de Bourgoanne, is received, and ſhall be attended to.

The Laws relating to Angling and Freſh-water Fiſh are alſo come to hand.

The Natural Hiſtory of the Buſtard is well adapted to our Work, and demands our beſt Acknowledgments.

If Probus had conſidered the Complexion of our Miſcellany, he would naturally have concluded that his Remarks on the Suſpenſion of the Habeas Corpus Act could not obtain a Place in it: we thank him, however, for his Favour, and lament that ſo valuable an Article ſhould be loſt upon us.

The Monody on the Death of Benjamin Bryant, commonly called Big Ben, poſſeſſes much Merit, and of Courſe claims the particular Attention of the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

Further particulars reſpecting Edward Wortley Montague, Eſq. in our next.

We are extremely obliged to our Correſpondent W—— for the Favour of his Communications, and have procured Engravings from the Drawings he has been ſo polite as to ſend us: theſe appear with the Article in the preſent Number, and we hope to the Satisfaction of our numerous Readers, as well as to himſelf.

Cymon B. will perceive his Ode inſerted in our preſent Number; his other Pieces, for want of room, are deferred till our next.

We are extremely obliged to M. B. for his Hint; but it was our Intention, previous to the receipt of his Favour, to give a *Complete System of Farriery*, with *Anatomical Plates*, a part of which we ſhall preſent our Readers in No. XXI.

THE

Sporting Magazine

For MAY, 1794.

EXHIBITION *of the* ROYAL ACADEMY, 1794.

THE ſeceſſion of Mr. Stubbs, from the Royal Academy, is certainly a ſubtraction of ſome conſequence, from the general eſtimate to be formed of the pictures in the preſent exhibition, and particularly ſo to the ſporting connoiſſeur. This, however, leads us not to any of thoſe croaking ſentiments, ſo much in faſhion when a great man dies or quits his profeſſion, with

"We ne'er ſhall ſee his like again;"

and ſuch kind of mournful expreſſions; oftener calculated to leſſen the abilities of a *riſing* genius than to deplore the loſs of thoſe of a departed one.—Beſides, Mr. Stubbs is not gone; but, as moſt of the ſporting world know, has an exhibition of his own performances in Conduit Street, and which were noticed with ſome preciſion in our Magazine for the month of January laſt.

Except in an inſtance or two, our preſent buſineſs will be little more than to point out the pictures which bear a relation to the plan of the Sporting Magazine; and leave our readers to form their own judgment of the excellence or demerits of the ſeveral performances here ſelected for their convenience and obſervation.

G. MORELAND.

No. 52 *Bargaining for Sheep.*
No. 169. *Interior of a Stable.*
No. 186. *A Farrier's Shop.*

The bargaining for ſheep is the beſt of the three, the academy never had more truth than in this exquiſite picture.

The *ſhrewd* air of the chapman; his aſſumed ſurly indifference.—The animals, which are as natural as ever the pencil produced, have even more expreſſion and character, than the artiſt has in general given them.

Upon the performances of this artiſt, we ſhall (becauſe it pleaſes us to do ſo) give the "Liberal Critique" of Anthony Paſquin, Eſq.—"All theſe pictures," ſays Paſquin, have the ſame merits and the ſame tendencies: they are replete with ſpirit and nature, but have not their due effect, from the want of ſubordination in the colouring, and a neglect in the artiſt, to copy the *minutiæ* of his objects.

"It may be ſaid of Mr. Moreland, as a painter, what Mr. Dignum, ſo happily ſaid of Mr. Incledon, as a vocal performer, that the Almighty has taken more pains with him than any other man; yet he muſt not conſider this literally as an encomium, but only as declaratory of a bleſſing, that he peculiarly poſſeſſes, which, if not ſuſtained by ſtudious perſeverance, will only be recorded as a drawback upon his general reputation.

"It has been the misfortune of this rare artiſt, in his ſhort progreſs hitherto in life, to become the dupe and inſtrument of deſigning men, who have vulgariſed his mind, and made his brilliant talents ſubſervient to their own particular purpoſes, and not his advantage.

"I think the creative mind of this young artiſt, has been ſuffered to run wild, and though the ſoil is uncommonly rich, the culture of the produce has been neglected; it has given nouriſhment to many flowers and many weeds. I do not believe that Mr. Moreland has any proper ideas of beauty; his neceſſities urge him to inſtantaneous action, and he catches at Nature when ſhe is in a diſhabille, but ſeldom or never paid his devoirs when ſhe was elegantly attractive. I think the better part of his powers lie dormant, from the want of legitimate pride, and it is now probable that they ever may: he is palpably deficient in knowledge of the ſubordination of tints, and the union of colours, and ſeems to gather his laurels ſo careleſsly and thankleſsly, that it is a doubt with me, if he would not be as happy in the ſociety of a ploughboy, as the *Caracci!*

"None of our young artiſts ſeem to have ſufficient fortitude to look diſtreſs boldly in the face, and daſh through all the incumbrances and inconveniencies attendant on a probationary ſtate of poverty, to acquire indelible renown, and rewards merely ſanctified; to effect thoſe great purpoſes, they ſhould feel like Rafaelle, a divine glow of boundleſs hope: an enthuſiaſm diſdainful of any reſtraint that fortune can enforce; but, alas, they have none of this indiſpenſable energy: they are contented to vegetate like vulgar handicraftſmen, and glide through their being in a middle ſky, when they ſhould all be *Icari*, and ſtruggle to ſurvey the ſun."

S. Gilpin.

No. 145. *Mare and Colts.*

No. 165. *Portrait of an old Hunter.*

No. 227. *A Gentleman on Horſeback bringing up lag Hounds to the Cover.* The portrait by Mr. Reinagle.

This is the firſt picture of its kind in the exhibition, and the portrait

portrait of the gentleman equal to that of the horse.

J. N. Sartorius.

No. 50. *Portrait of a Gentleman Shooting.*

No. 289. *Portrait of True Blue, late the property of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.*

G. Garrard.

No. 73. *Portraits of Mares and Foals.*

This is a sketch of a picture painted for Lewis Dymock, Esq. champion of England, the mare's name is Jocasta, (by Herod, out of Lilly) foal by Saltram, foaled in 1790, and the same year the mare and foal were sold to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales for 500 guineas.

No. 91. *Portraits of Mares and Foals.*

This also is a sketch of a picture, painted for the Prince of Wales; the grey mare is 20 years old—Hardwick's dam with Warwick at her foot sucking—distant mare Blowsey, the dam of Saltram, her foal, Mock Doctor.

No. 153. *Portrait of a Poney.*

No. 273. *Portrait of a Mare, the Property of Sir John Dashwood.*

R. R. Reinagle, jun.

No. 43. *Farm Yard with Cattle,* &c.

This is said to be a direct copy from a fine picture of Paul Potter, in the Prince of Orange's collection at the Hague; but we have reason to believe that the only objects Mr. Reinagle studied from were Mr. Alsop's cows, in Marybone Fields.

No. 28. *Portrait of his Majesty's Charger, Adonis.*

This favourite horse is in the stables at Buckingham house.

No. 174. *Portrait of Sir Ralph Woodford's Corsican Dog, seizing a Wolf.*

This dog was brought from Corsica about six years since, he is uncommonly large; the wolf from one in the Menagerie at the tower.

T. Gooch.

No. 32. *Portrait of an old Pack-horse.*

No. 47. *A Curricle Horse,* the property of the Earl of Sefton.

No. 49. *The Race Horse.*

No. 62. *Portrait of a Horse and Dog.*

No. 74. *The Death of the Hare.*

No. 92. *The Cart-Horse,* a character.

No. 188. *The Post Horse,* a character.

No. 190. *The Dray Horse,* a character.

No. 207. *The Galloway,* a character.

No 209. *The Coach Horse,* a character.

No. 231. *The Hunter,* a character.

No. 236. *The Stallion,* a character.

No. 294. *Portrait of a Gentleman on Horseback.*

Francis Chalie, Esq. and his favourite hackney mare called Fidget.

The smaller sized pictures of Mr. Gooch's, are meant as different characters, and the set (of which he is now finishing the remainder) comprises 12, with the like number of dogs to correspond; these, together with the six stages of the race-horse, are designed for the furnishing of any gentleman's room, entirely, with

with portraits of thofe ufeful and entertaining animals, and which, from the fpecimens here given, certainly will form a very pleafing affemblage.

We have in addition to notice, No. 57, *Woodcocks*, by Atkinfon; No. 254, *Partridges*, by Elmer; No. 374, *Portrait of Mr. Stubbs*, by Humphrys; and No. 559, *Defign for the Stables and Coach-houfes, executed at Eaft Horfley, in Surrey, a feat of William Currie, Efq.* by Bonomi.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AS you have noticed, in two or three inftances EXTRAORDINARY LEAPS, which *neceffity* had driven the different parties to make; I think the following account of a *voluntary* effort of courage in that way will not be unacceptable to your readers, and am, Gentlemen,

Your conftant reader,

T. I.

Sydenham,
May 20, 1794.

IN March laft, when a pack of hounds were in purfuit of a fox which took through the inclofures adjoining to Sydenham, in Kent; one of the party, a gentleman who lives in the neighbourhood, came up to a gate, which he expected to be permitted to pafs through; but in this he was for fome time prevented by a man, whofe appearance befpoke him a *knight of the cleaver*, who, brandifhing the terrible inftrument of his trade, fwore that no one fhould go that way whilft he was able to make ufe of his knife: The *fportfman*, unwilling to lofe the game, which would have been the cafe had he gone another way, began to expoftulate with the butcher, and told him, it was not his wifh to be out of humour, and was forry to find his temper foured by fome difappointment he had undoubtedly met with. All this had no other effect on the defender of the caftle, than to make him the more pofitive that no perfon fhould pafs through — filled with the enthufiafm of the chafe, he afked him whether he might *go over*; this he affented to— obferving at the fame time, that neither him or any man in England could. However, our fportfman was not to be intimidated by his obfervations, but inftantly drew his horfe a few yards back, then ran him to the gate, which he took and cleared well, carrying the rider fafe over, to the aftonifhment of every one.

This gate was a five-barred one, with paling upon the top, exactly fix feet and a half high; the boldnefs of the attempt did that which the moft perfuafive language could not effect —it brought from the morofe *lamb-flayer* this exclamation, "that he would be d—d if ever he prevented this gentleman from going through his gate whenever he thought proper."

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING an admirer and a fubfcriber to your very entertaining Publication, I take the liberty of fending you the pedigree and performances of that cele-

celebrated race-horſe Dubſkelper, which I ſhall conſider as an obligation to have inſerted in the next Number.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your's, &c.
G. M.

Penrith, May 25, 1794.

Dubſkelper was bred by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk; was got by his Grace's ſtallion Phlegon, his dam by Old Babraham, which was the dam of Ld Clermont's famous horſe Johnny, his grandam by Old Partner, great grand dam by that ſpeedy ſtallion Bloody Buttocks, Greyhound, out of the celebrated mare Brocklesby Betty, the beſt mare in her time.

Dubſkelper, in 1786, when 4 yrs old, won a match of 100gs each, at Ayr, againſt the D. of Hamilton's colt, by Hercules, the firſt time he ſtarted; when 5 yrs old, in June, 1787, he won a 50l. plate at Lancaſter, beating Mr. Wemys's br. h. The ſame week, at the ſame place, he won 50l. beating Mr. Peirſe's b. m. by Alfred and Blackbird. The July following, he walked over the Courſe at Carliſle, for a 50l. Plate, and the day after, carrying 8ſt. 14lb. he beat the D. of Hamilton's Paragon, 4 yrs old, 7ſt. 5lb. the beſt colt of that age in the North, for the Member's Plate of 50gs; and in September following, for the 100l. Plate at Stockton, carrying 8ſt. 3lb. he beat Mr. Wetherell's Windleſton, 7ſt. 6lb. who drew after the firſt heat; the odds at ſtarting 5 to 2 on Windleſtone. In 1788, then 6 yrs old, he won a ſubſcription of 25gs each, 9 ſubſcribers, for all ages, at York Auguſt Meeting, beating Delpini, Bramble, Verjuice, and two others. The ſame week he won the great Subſcription for 6 yrs old, and aged horſes, beating Windleſton, Stargazer, and Mufti. In 1789, then aged, he was ſecond to the D. of Bedford's Fidget, for a Sweepſtakes of 300gs each, over the B. C. in the Firſt Spring Meeting at Newmarket. In June following, after travelling near 400 miles, he won the Gold Cup at Carliſle, value 120gs, carrying 9ſt. 5lb. beating at 2 heats, Mr. Robinſon's Fanny, 7ſt. 8lb. and Mr. Baird's Railer, 8ſt. 8lb. In the Auguſt Meeting at York, (being at that time amiſs) he was beat by Cavendiſh, for the great ſweepſtakes at York. In September he was beat for the cup at Richmond, by his R. H. the Prince of Wales's Tot, 7ſt. 7lb. 1ſt. Dubſkelper, 9ſt. 2d. and Windleſtone 8ſt. 10lb. 3d. The ſame year at New Malton he won 50l. for all ages, beating at 3 heats, 4 others. In June 1790, then 8 yrs old, he walked over for the Members Plate of 50gs. at Carliſle, for all ages. In the Auguſt Meeting at York, he won the great ſubſcription for 6 yrs and aged, beating his R. H. the Prince of Wales's famous horſe, Eſcape, and Mr. Baker's Cavendiſh; the odds were 3 to 1 againſt Dubſkelper. In September following, carrying 9ſt. 4lb. after a moſt ſevere heat, he was ſecond to Mr. Dodſworth's Abbe Thulie, 7ſt. 7lb. for the cup at Doncaſter—6 ſtarted. In 1791, then 9 yrs old, he was beat the laſt time he ſtarted for the great ſubſcription at York, by Tickle Toby. He is now a ſtallion at Thelton Hall, near Diſs, in Norfolk, and the next ſeaſon will cover at 5 guineas.

For

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Curious PARTICULARS *of the* HORSES *of this Country in ancient times, from the Northumberland Houſehold Book, firſt printed in* 1688, *the MSS. of which is now in the poſſeſſion of the* DUKE *of* NORTHUMBERLAND, *and which is entitled "The Regulations and Eſtabliſhments of* ALGERNON PERCY, *the fifth* EARL *of* NORTHUMBERLAND, *began Anno.* 1512.

THIS is the ordre of the chequir roul of the nombre of all the horſys of my lordis and my ladys, that are appointed to be in the charge of the hous yerely, as to ſay: gentill hors, palfreys, hobys, naggis, clothſek hors, male hors.

Firſt, gentill hors to ſtand in my lordis ſtable, ſix. Item, palfreys of my ladis, to wit, one for my lady, and two for her gentillwoman, and oone for her chamberer. Four hobys and naggis for my lordys oone ſaddill, viz. oone for my lorde to ride, oone to led for my lorde, and oone to ſtay at home for my lorde.

Item, chariot, hors to ſtand in my lordis ſtable yerely, Seven great trottynge hors to draw in the chariot, and a nag for the chariot, man to ride, eight. Again, hors for Lord Percy, his lordſhip's ſon and heir. A grete doble trottyng hors, called a curtal for his lordſhip to ride on out of townes. Another trottynge gambaldyn hors for his lordſhip to ride upon when he comes into townes. An amblynge hors for his lordſhip to journeye on dayly. A proper amblynge little nag for his lordſhip when he goeth on hunting and hawking. A great amblynge gelding or trotting gelding to carry his male.

Such were the horſes of antient days, ranked into claſſes, and allotted to different ſervices.

The *gentill* horſe was one of a ſuperior and diſtinguiſhed breed, ſo called in contraſt to ſuch as were of a mean and ordinary extraction. The Italians at this day, call their nobleſt breeds *razzi, gentile, gentleman* is underſtood in this ſenſe ſignifying a perſon of better birth and family.

Palfreys were an elegant and eaſy ſort of horses; which for their gentleneſs and agreeable paces, were uſed upon common occaſions by military perſons and others, who reſerved their great and managed horſes for battle, and the tournaments; their pleaſing qualities ſoon recommended them to the fair ſex, who having no coaches, uſed these palfreys, and always travelled on horſeback.

Hobys were ſtrong active horſes, of rather a ſmall ſize; they are reported to be originally natives of Ireland, and were ſo much liked and uſed, as to become a proverbial expreſſion for any thing of which people are extremely fond; *nags* come under the ſame deſcription as to their ſize, qualities and employments.

Clothſek was a cloak-bag horſe, as *male horſe* was one that carried the portmanteau. Horſes to draw the *chariotts* were *waggon-horſes*, from the French word *charette*, whence the Engliſh word *cart*, for neither coaches nor even *chariots* (in our preſent acceptation of that word) were known at this time. Indeed, the uſe of coaches was not known in England till the year 1580, (in Q. Elizabeth's reign) when they were introduced by Fitz Allen, Earl of Arundel.

(To be continued.)

HIS-

Historical Essay *on the* Chase.

(Continued from page 14.)

HOWEVER, of all theſe feſtivals, only thoſe of May and November were celebrated with ſolemnity and ſplendor, at the ſpringing verdure and the fall of the leaf, becauſe they happened at the time of the two grand aſſemblies of the nation: that of the ſpring in the Champ de Mars, and that of autumn: theſe two occaſions being the moſt favourable for forming numerous hunting parties, while the grande nobleſſe were together, and in train for acting in concert.

It appears, from authentic documents, that ever ſince the eleventh century, St. Hubert, now the patron of hunters, has been claimed as the preſerver from madneſs; dogs being more liable to attacks from that diſtemper than the other animals, by the extreme thirſt they frequently ſuffer in the chaſe, or when they are neglected in their kennels: thoſe who had the care of the packs, invoked the ſaint to preſerve their dogs from madneſs, and the devotion of the valets paſſing on to the maſters, theſe latter addreſſed their prayers to the ſame ſaint, that he would guard them from all evil accidents in the purſuit of their ſport.—Arrian informs us, that there were hunters in Gaul, who ſacrificed annually to Diana: to this end they had a kind of trunk, into which they put, for every hare that was taken, two oboles: for a fox, a drachma; for a deer, four drachmas: then, every year, on the feaſt of Diana, they opened this trunk, and, with the money they found in it, they purchaſed a victim; ſome bought a ſheep, others a goat, and ſome others a calf. The ſacrifice being ended, and having offered the primitiæ of the victims to the goddeſs, the hunters make a jovial repaſt of the reſt, feaſting the dogs on the offal, whom they crowned with flowers, betokening thereby that the feſtival was kept for them.

At an interview between queen Jane of Bourbon, wife of Charles V. and the dutcheſs of Valois, his mother, the duke de Bourbon gave a grand hunt to the two princeſſes, in the neighbourhood of Clermont: in this he caught a ſtag, the foot of which he cauſed, with great gallantry, to be preſented to them by his grand-veneur. Francis I. whom Feuilleux ſtiles the father of hunters, having ſeparated from his companions, while out on a chaſe, and loſt himſelf in a wood, was obliged to take ſhelter in the cottage of a collier, (charbonnier) from whoſe mouth he had the pleaſure of hearing the truth, perhaps for the firſt time in his life. The ſame ſtory is told of Antiochus.

The art of hunting is a very extenſive term, if we conſider it in all the particulars to which it is applicable. It has, in all ages, been much cultivated in Europe. One proof of its conſideration, and of the importance that has been annexed to it is, that a great part of the uſual metaphors in the ſeveral languages of this quarter of the globe, are borrowed from the terms made uſe of in hunting. Many books have been written, in which this art is treated of at length. Not to mention thoſe publiſhed in our own country, which we muſt ſuppoſe are in the hands of every gentleman who takes delight in this manly diverſion, I ſhall here advert only to thoſe of other na-

tions where it has been cultivated with succefs. Among fuch as have acquired celebrity in France, thofe of Jacques de Fueilleux, and of Robert de Salnove, are doubtlefs to be placed in the foremoft rank. They ought to be confulted by all who would acquire a thorough and accurate knowledge of the different practices obferved in the chafe. The manœuvres they defcribe are fuch as have had the fanction of experience, and are, for the moft part, at prefent in ufe. It would therefore be fuperfluous to give a copious detail of all thefe particulars. The difplay we may make of fome few, will not difpenfe the reader from confulting the treatifes compofed on purpofe, and ftill lefs from acquiring, by experience, the various methods of routine that are not to be drawn from books. It will here fuffice, if we point out, in a fummary way, the points on which the fportfman fhould principally fix his attention.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

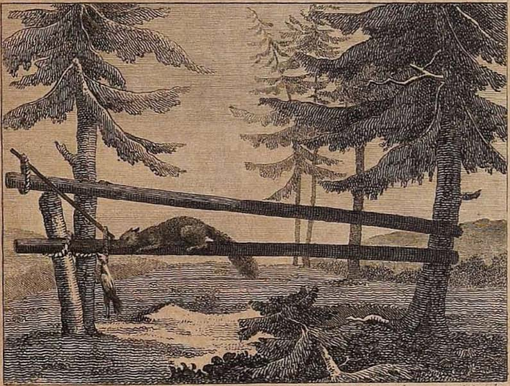
BEING on my travels in Ruffia, I left the town of Verchotin, and purfued the high road that leads to Solikamfk, when I could not help taking notice of the number of traps fet all the way, in different places, as far as the village Koptiakova, by the countrymen, for catching gelinottes, hares, &c. Thefe fnares they call *floptzi*, and make the greateft ufe of them in winter. I faw alfo, in feveral places, traps fet for catching fables in winter. I herewith fend you a defcription of both, which, if you think worthy of infertion in your elegant and entertaining Magazine, with the drawings annexed, they are highly at your fervice.

I am, your's, &c.

W.

For making one of thefe floptzi, they fix obliquely two partitions of poles of birch, laid one upon another, the height of about three palms, by a length of a fathom and a half, in a glade in a wood. From the aperture left in the right angle, they drive two parallel rows of pofts, of the fame height with the firft hedge of hurdles; at the aperture itfelf they drive two taller than the reft which are joined together by a tranfverfe piece. Between thefe two ranks of pofts, they adapt a trap-fall, compofed of at leaft three young fir-trees fplit, bound together, and placed in fuch manner as to fill the whole of the interval between the pofts; it is alfo furnifhed forwards with a ring made of twifted bark, or twigs. When they want to fet the trap, they raife the acting timbers by their ring, by means of a long ftick, which ferves as a lever, and is brought to reft on the traverfe of the two pofts in front: the other extremity of this lever is fixed by a catch, tied to it, with a ftring, to another moveable traverfe placed under the middle of a falling beam, at the fame time placing fmall fticks obliquely againft this traverfe to right and left. They then ftrew about this traverfe, and the whole of the areas under the falling beam, all forts of berries, of which the gelinottes of the woods and the fnow-birds are very fond. As foon as one or more of thefe birds are come under the beam, and

A Sloptzi for taking Gelinottes &c.



Cook sculp.

A Trap for catching Sables

and begin to diſturb, with their feet, theſe rods laid obliquely on the ground, the catch ſtarts, the lever riſes, and lets drop the falling beam, which cruſhes all beneath it. As the ſables are likewiſe greedy of the berries, they not unfrequently fall into theſe ſnares, in which alſo hares are very often taken. The ſame ſort of falls, only larger and heavier, are uſed for catching foxes and wolves.

The contrivance for catching ſables is properly an invention of the vogoul Tartars. For its place they chooſe a ſpot where firs do not ſtand thick together; when, taking two of the young trees, that are at the diſtance of a couple of fathom, or two and a half, from each other, taking care to ſtrip the trunks compleatly, towards the bottom, of all their branches. They then drive into the earth, againſt one of theſe trees, a ſtrong poſt, a fathom or even more in height. Above, they place a piece of fir horizontally at full length, and faſtened to the two trees in ſuch manner, that one of its extremities comes between the poſt and its neighbouring tree. This piece of timber is ſurmounted by another, ſerving as a falling beam, and is fixed ſo as to allow of one of its extremities being moved up and down between the poſt and its tree; and to this purpoſe they carefully ſmoothen the trunk of the tree a little with the axe. To the other extremity of the falling balk they tie a ſlight lever, which, when they raiſe the balk, reſts on the top of the poſt cut ſo as to hold it. This lever is provided at one end with a cord made of bark, having knots in it; there is alſo another tied very ſhort about the inferior horizontal timber. Theſe two cords are joined, and paſſed round a little ſtick, at the longeſt extremity whereof they ſuſpend a gelinotte, or a piece of fleſh, the weight of which lowers the little ſtick, and by that means keeps the cords about it in proper order. The ſable, or the martin, allured by the bait, climbs on the lower beam, and creeps along, with great precaution, till he is within reach of his prey. At this inſtant, the little ſtick to which the bait is tied, and which held the cords, lets them go; the lever takes its bias, and the falling beam cruſhes the animal on the lower timber.

During the winter, the chaſe is one of the principal employments of the peaſants of this country. They go in purſuit of ſables and martins, with ſhoes like racquets, made for walking on the ſnow, and ſetting dogs; they commonly knock down theſe animals from the trees, with checrotines, or blunted darts. But the ſable is much more difficult to take than the martin: the latter, as ſoon as he is chaſed by the dogs, ſcampers up a tree, where he is eaſily hit; whereas the ſable runs for a long time, and makes a number of turns and traverſes, before he takes to the trees for refuge.

Modern Method of HUNTING *the* WHALE.

OF all the numerous enemies of this enormous fiſh, man is certainly the greateſt: he alone deſtroys more in a year, than all the others in an age, and has actually thinned their numbers in that part of the world where they are principally ſought.

On the firſt diſcovery of Greenland, whales, not having been accuſtomed to be diſturbed, fre-

K 2 quently

quently came into the very bays, and were killed at a little diſtance from the ſhore; in conſequence of which the blubber, being cut off, was immediately boiled into oil upon the ſpot. The ſhips, in thoſe times, took in nothing but the pure oil and the whalebone, and all the buſineſs was executed in the country: on account of which, a ſhip could bring home the product of many more whales than ſhe can according to the preſent method of conducting this trade. Let it alſo be conſidered, that fiſh were then taken in ſuch plenty, that other ſhips were ſometimes required to take the oil they had made, the quantity being greater than the fiſhing ſhips could carry away.

But time, and change of circumſtances, have altered the ſituation of this trade; the ſhips coming in ſuch numbers from Holland, Denmark, Hamburgh, and other northern countries, (all intruders upon the Engliſh, who were the firſt diſcoverers of Greenland) the whales were diſturbed, and, as other fiſh often do, gradually forſook their haunts, and were not to be killed ſo near the ſhore as they had formerly been. They are now only to be found in the openings and ſpaces among the ice, where they have deep water, and where they ſometimes are many leagues from ſhore.

The whale-fiſhery begins in May, and continues during the months of June and July; but whether the ſhips are ſucceſsful or not, they muſt come away, and get clear of the ice, by the end of Auguſt; and in the month of September, at fartheſt, they are expected home: but a ſhip that meets with a fortunate and eaſy fiſhery in May, may return in June or July.

The modern method of taking whales is as follows:—Every ſhip is provided with ſix boats, to each of which belongs ſix men for rowing the boat and a harpooner, whoſe buſineſs is to ſtrike the whale with his harpoon. Two of theſe boats are kept conſtantly on the watch, at ſome diſtance from the ſhip, faſtened to pieces of ice, and are relieved by others every four hours. As ſoon as the whale is perceived, both the boats ſet out in purſuit of it, and if either of them can come up before the whale finally deſcends, (which is known by his throwing up his tail) the harpooner diſcharges his harpoon at him. There is no difficulty in chooſing the place where the whale is to be ſtruck, as ſome have aſſerted. A late improvement has been made in the method of diſcharging the harpoon, by ſhooting it out of a kind of ſwivel or muſquetoon; but it does not appear that ſince the ſuppoſed improvement has been made, the whale-fiſhing ſhips have had better ſucceſs than before. As ſoon as the whale is ſtruck, the men ſet up one of their oars in the middle of the boat, as a ſignal to thoſe in the ſhip. On perceiving this, the watchman alarms all the reſt with the cry of *fall! fall!* upon which all the othet boats are immediately ſent out to the aſſiſtance of the firſt.

The whale, finding himſelf wounded, runs off with amazing violence: ſometimes he deſcends perpendicularly; at others, goes off horizontally, at a ſmall depth below the ſurface. The rope, which is faſtened to the harpoon, is about two hundred fathoms long, and properly coiled up, that it may freely be given out as there is a demand for it. At firſt, the velocity with which this line

line runs over the ſide of the boat is ſo great, that it is wetted to prevent its taking fire; but in a ſhort time the ſtrength of the whale begins to fail, and the fiſhermen, inſtead of letting out more rope, ſtrive as much as poſſible to pull back what is given out already: though they always find themſelves obliged to yield at laſt to the ſtrength of the animal, to prevent his ſinking their boat. If he runs out the two hundred fathoms of line contained in one boat, that belonging to another is immediately faſtened to the end of the firſt, and ſo on: there have been inſtances where all the rope belonging to the ſix boats has been neceſſary, though half the quantity is not often required. The whale cannot remain long under water, but again comes up to blow; and, being now much fatigued, and wounded, continues longer above water than uſual: this gives another boat time to come up with him, and he is again ſtruck with a harpoon; he again deſcends, but with leſs force than before; and, when he comes up again, is generally incapable of deſcending, and ſuffers himſelf to be wounded and killed with long lances, which the men are provided with for that purpoſe. His death is known to be approaching, when the water which he ſpouts up is deeply tinged with blood.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

A further Account of BIG BEN.

THIS well-known pugiliſt, whoſe furname was Bryan, was born in the year 1753, in Briſtol, and paſſed the early part of his life in that place, where he worked as a collier. Being of an athletic make, and a good bottom, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a capital boxer in that part of the kingdom, in ſeveral bruiſing matches, particularly by beating Clayton, the famous Shropſhire-man, and the noted Spaniard Harris, of Kingſwood. About twelve years ſince he came to London, and worked as a coal-porter at the Adelphi Wharf. The firſt battle he fought, of any note, in London, was on the 31ſt of October, 1786, when he beat a grenadier of the Guards, in the Long Fields, Bloomſbury. He ſoon after fought and beat Tring, at Dartford Brimp: in this fight they both exhibited a bottom which has been rarely ſeen in any conteſt. They diſplayed great art, and fought with ſuch ſpirit, that Tring was quite blinded, and Ben could ſee but very little. This, however, was a great advantage, and Tring was obliged to give in.

After this, he, in the public prints, challenged Ryan, Dunn, Nowland, Jackſon, and Towers, but neither of thoſe heroes would enter the liſts with him. The 22d and 23d of October, 1789, three very capital battles were fought at Banbury, in Oxfordſhire, when the three beſt boxers of Birmingham were beat. The firſt battle was won by Johnſon, againſt Perrins; the ſecond, George the Brewer beat Pickard; and the third was between Big Ben and Jacombs, whom Ben, after thirty-five minutes hard fighting, conquered.

In July, 1790, a match was made for him to fight Hooper, the tin-man, 100 guineas to 80: accordingly they met, and fought, Auguſt 30, at Chappel new Revel, near Newbury, in Berkſhire,

ſhire, when, after fighting 180 rounds in three hours and a half, it was referred to arbitration, Hooper falling 133 times without giving or receiving a blow, which made it impoſſible to bring it to a deciſion. It was determined a drawn battle.

The latter end of this year, his patron, the Duke of Hamilton, pitted him, for 500 guineas, againſt the famous, and at that time unconquered, Johnſon. The challenge was accepted, the terms agreed on, and the time fixed for the battle, on the 17th of January, 1791. Never was the public expectation raiſed higher, or greater bets laid, than on this fight, except that between Humphries and Mendoza, at Odiham. At the time appointed, they met at Wrotham, in Kent; and the following is a particular account of the battle, as communicated to us by a correſpondent, who was preſent.

About one o'clock, Johnſon came upon the ſtage, (which was 20 feet ſquare) with Joe Ward as his ſecond, and Mendoza as his bottle-holder. Big Ben, with Will Ward as his ſecond, and Humphries as his bottle-holder, appeared ſoon after. Both the champions had the appearance of cheerfulneſs. The bets were 7 to 4 in favour of Johnſon.

In the firſt round, which was much ſhorter and more violent than firſt rounds uſually are, Johnſon fell by a violent blow upon the forehead, juſt above the noſe; and from the effects of this, as he afterwards confeſſed, he did not recover entirely in any part of the battle.

In the ſecond round, he alſo fell with a blow, and the bets became even; but in the third round he knocked Ben down, and then there was ſome increaſe of the odds in Johnſon's favour: Big Ben, however, immediately afterwards reſumed his advantage, and kept it, with very little variation, to the end. The knock-down blows were in his favour about three to one. His wind was very little worſe than Johnſon's, and his temper was better. After the firſt knock-down blow, Johnſon attempted to ſhift, but Ben very ſeldom advanced towards him; and when he did, the former had no room for manœuvre. When a few rounds had been fought, both combatants ſeemed to lay aſide their ſkill, and rely wholly upon their ſtrength and courage.

In this manner the battle had continued about twenty minutes, when Johnſon, having aimed a very violent blow at Ben, ſtruck the rail of the ſtage, and broke the middle finger of his right hand; yet, though he was thus diſabled, his ſpirits ſeemed good. Two blows from Ben ſoon afterwards decided the conteſt: of theſe, one ſtruck Johnſon on the ribs, and the other cut open his lip, ſo that he was almoſt choaked with blood.

Thus terminated a battle, which for ſtrength, ſkill, and bravery of the combatants, was, perhaps, never equalled in this or any other country, and on which not leſs than 20,000l. was ſported.

Ben was ſo little hurt, that the ſucceeding Monday he exhibited ſparring at the Lyceum, in the Strand; and, ſhortly after, made a tour to the north, from which he returned very lately.

On the 8th of April, 1794, he died at his apartments in ——— ſtreet, Gray's Inn Lane. It having been ſuppoſed that his death happened in conſequence of ſome inward bruiſe which he had got in one of the many deſperate battles in which he had been engaged,

gaged, his body was opened for the purpose of ascertaining the fact, when it was found that the liver was affected in such a manner that no human power could have saved his life; and this was the sole cause of his death.

On Friday the 11th, his remains were interred in St. Sepulchre's church-yard. He was attended to the grave by Ward, Jackson, Wood, and Symonds, as chief mourners. The whole was conducted with that decency and decorum appropriated to the solemnity of the occasion.

The following EPITAPH *is designed for his* TOMB-STONE.

FAREWELL! ye honours of my brow,
 Victorious wreaths farewell!
One trip from DEATH has laid me low,
 By whom such numbers fell.

Yet bravely I'll dispute the prize,
 Nor yield, tho' out of breath!
'Tis not a fall—I yet shall rise,
 And conquer even DEATH!

N. B. See his character, as a boxer, in our First Volume, page 290.

DIGEST *of the* LAWS *concerning* GAME.

(Continued from page 24, *and concluded.)*

HERONS, AND SUNDRY OTHER FOWL.

IT is enacted, by the 19 *H* 7, *c.* 11, that no person, without his own ground, shall flea, take, or cause to be taken, by means of craft or other engine, any herons, unless it be with hawking, or long bows, on pain of 6s. 8d. to him who shall sue by action of debt. Or the sessions may call before them persons suspected, and examine them; and, if found in default, commit them till they have found surety for payment of the forfeiture to the king; and the justices shall have the tenth part of the forfeiture for their labour.

And, by the same statute, no person shall, without his own ground, take any young herons out of the nest, on pain of 10s. in like manner, for every young heron.

Also by the 25 *H.* 8, *c.* 11, If any person, from March 31 to June 30, shall take or destroy the eggs of any heron, he shall be imprisoned a year, and forfeit for every egg eight-pence, half to the king, and half to him that will sue by action of debt, or before the justices of the peace.

By the 1 *Jac. c.* 27, Every person who shall shoot at, kill, or destroy, any heron, with gun or bow, shall, on conviction before two Justices, by confession, or oath of two witnesses, be committed to gaol for three months, unless, on conviction, he pay to the churchwardens, for the use of the poor, 20s. for each heron; or, after one month from his commitment, become bound by recognizance, with two sureties in 20l. each, before two Justices, not to offend again in like manner. The recognizance to be returned to the next sessions.

By the 25 *H.* 8, *c.* 11, No person, from the last day of March to the last day of June, yearly, shall, either by day or night, take or destroy any eggs of any kind of wild fowl, from or in any nest or place where they shall be laid by any kind of the same wild-fowl, on pain of imprisonment for a year, and to forfeit for every egg of a bustard, 20d.: for every egg of a bittour or shovelard, 8d.; and for every egg of other wild fowl, (except crows, ravens, boscards, and other wild-fowl not used to be eaten) 1d. half

half to the king, and half to him who ſhall ſue by action of debt. The juſtices of the peace may alſo determine the ſame, as in caſes of treſpaſs.

A lord of a manor may build a dove-cote on his own land, parcel of the manor; but a tenant of a manor cannot, without the licence of the lord, 3 *Salk.* 248.

A freeholder may build one on his own ground. *Cro. Eliz.* 548. *Cro. Jac.* 382.

It has been adjudged, that erecting a dove houſe is not a common nuiſance, nor preſentable in the leet. *Cro. Jac.* 490, 491.

Doves, in a dove-houſe, both young and old, go to the heir, and not to the executor. 1 *Inſt.* 8.

By the 1 *Jac. c.* 27, Every perſon who ſhall ſhoot at, kill, or deſtroy, any houſe-dove or pigeon, with any gun or bow; or ſhall take, kill, or deſtroy the ſame with ſetting-dogs and nets, or with any manner of nets, ſnares, engines, or inſtruments whatſoever, ſhall, on conviction before two juſtices, by confeſſion, or oath of two witneſſes, be committed to gaol for three months, unleſs he pay to the church-wardens, for the uſe of the poor, 20s. for every pigeon; or, one month after his commitment, become bound by recognizance, with two ſureties, before two juſtices, in 20l. each, not to offend again in like manner. The recognizance to be returned to the ſeſſions, *ſ.* 2.

And by the 2 *Geo.* 3, *c.* 29, If any perſon ſhall ſhoot at, with intent to kill, or ſhall, by any means whatſoever, kill or take, with a wilful intent to deſtroy, any houſe-dove or pigeon, and ſhall be thereof convicted, by confeſſion, or oath of one witneſs, before any juſtice of the county, city, or place, where the offence was committed, or the party offending apprehended, he ſhall forfeit 20s. to the proſecutor; and if the money ſo forfeited, ſhall not be forthwith paid, ſuch juſtice may commit the offender to the gaol, or houſe of correction, there to be kept to hard labour, for any time not exceeding three calendar months, nor leſs than one, unleſs the forfeiture ſhall be ſooner paid. Provided, that nothing in this act contained ſhall extend to the owners of the dove-cotes, with regard to their own pigeons; and provided alſo, that perſons convicted by this act, ſhall not be convicted, for any ſuch offence, under any former or other act: and proſecutions on this act ſhall be proſecuted and carried on with effect, within two calendar months after every ſuch offence ſhall be committed; and where any perſon ſhall ſuffer impriſonment for default of payment of any penalty impoſed under this act, ſuch perſon ſhall not be liable afterwards to pay ſuch penalty. *ſ.* 1, 23.

But, if the pigeons come upon my land, the owner has no remedy againſt me, if I kill them: though I may be liable to the ſtatutes which make it penal to deſtroy them. *Cro. Jac.* 492.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I Will indulge you with your due portion of credit on the ſcore of knowledge of the world: but, for your future government, mark the dilemma to which they are ſometimes reduced, who ſet up for a more than ordinary ſhare of ſagacity. As ſportſmen, you ſhould have been aware that ſome horſes

horſes poſſeſs too much ſpeed to be alſo endowed with the power of continuance. It was fair enough to ſuſpect, from a ſentence of mine, that I was deſirous of recommending my own literary wares to your purchaſe, in preference to thoſe of the perſon I alluded to; and I ought to overwhelm you with a profuſion of thanks for ſuppoſing me qualified for ſo honourable a competition. But in this caſe you will ſoon be convinced that you had more ſpeed than bottom: and that your judgment, though apparently right in the firſt haſty ſketch, was in proof, and very deed, literally wrong. What a deſperate riſk too, have you incurred, by offending ſo great a man, (ſuppoſe it poſſible to reach his ear) as the *florid*, the *enamelled*, the *allegoric*, the be-*metaphored*, the *impaſſioned* PETER PASQUIN, Eſq. How would he ſwell with indignation at the mortal affront of being ſuppoſed the author of thoſe poor, uſeful, home-ſpun effuſions of common ſenſe which my pen affords.

Thanks to you once more, gentlemen: there are two egregious and ſuper-eminent coxcombs amongſt the paper-ſtainers of this literary metropolis, and you have generouſly choſen me as the competitor of the one, and actually elevated me into an identity with the other.

To take you out of the way no farther:—When I ſaid that "If you could perſuade any man of the turf, &c." you might ſafely have underſtood it *au pied de la lettre.* I meant that, as there are ſeveral gentlemen of the turf who write elegantly, when they are diſpoſed to take the trouble, that poſſibly upon proper application they might be induced to patronize your Miſcellany in that way. You will not deny, I think, that ſuch an acquiſition "would be of infinite ſervice;" and to compleat my intention, *I would adviſe you to inſert in your next Magazine, a ſenſible, polite, and reſpectful addreſs to the gentlemen of the Turf in general, and of the clubs in particular; and to ſolicit their occaſional communications with the promiſe of all poſſible attention.* With reſpect to myſelf, rely upon it, I had never any deſign upon the property of the Sporting Magazine: my fortune ſets me above every idea of that kind. Every communication of mine will be perfectly gratuitous, and directed to no other end than the advantage of a Publication, the ſubject of which holds a ſtrong intereſt in my affections. As to your correſpondent, I know him no otherwiſe than by his ſtyle: I am not even acquainted with any one who knows him.

But, to my poſt of honour, that of monthly reviewer to the Sporting Magazine:—Your elegant and refined correſpondent would have ſaid *menſtrual* reviewer.—Leaſt it eſcape my treacherous memory, let me, in the firſt place, congratulate you on that very appropriate ornament of laſt month's Magazine, the portrait of the Baker's mare: it is an admirable engraving, as well as a moſt correct likeneſs, and of itſelf worth five times the ſum you charge for the Magazine, to any ſportſman, whether he knew the mare or not. She has for ſome years been our beſt ſecond-rate trotter. You have done very judiciouſly in preſerving the old, ſporting, high-bred term *portraiture.* I have gazed at the print with new pleaſure a hundred times.

Hints to horſemen are well wrote, and in general judicious; but

but in one particular respect rather unfit for a *Sporting* Magazine: we retain very few riding school modes at present, either on the road, or in the field.

The article respecting Staring Tom is curious; although I knew that horse many years, I was deceived by one which was sold in his name at Tattersall's, which I presume may be the same now at Birmingham.

Allons! 'tis time we attend to Dr. Blowbladder, whose contributions for the last month are as follow:—I mean such as bear the indubitable marks of his workmanship. To wit: Sporting Contrasts — Veterinarian Retort —Sporting Portraits — and Billiards.—After the toast had gone round as usual, and by command, I selected the above for examination.

First, of the first. If he means poor Chillaby Jennings, by "one of the greatest characters upon the turf," he has fixed upon a man who had very little more knowledge of the matter than himself. We proceeded "overwhelmed with depression," or, *depressed with overwhelmtion*, (as George —— swore it ought to have been) to the excellent vehicle of "pedestrian indefatigability;" then we found "Fortune's wheel so eternal," and the blasts of adversity so chilling, and the preternatural exhilarations of insanity so threatening, and the facility of *emerging from a wall* so obvious, that, dear me, Gentlemen, we had all like to have floated the room from the diuretic effects of laughter.——What power the Doctor's medicines possess!—We then hopped over the "obliteration of general warrants," to enjoy the pleasures of "rurality," (what pity *ruralism* did not occur) with Duke William; and to rejoice that his highness had laboured so hard to "produce priority," after being told that Marske never had any other proprietors than Duke William and Lord Abingdon, (which we never heard before) getting clear of the "effects of an embarkation," we endeavoured to enjoy the felicitous idea of a "correct stud of horses." The instantaneous obstruction given by death to the fascination and infection of an influenza, carried us flap-dash to an *absolute* arrangement; from thence to unprecedented plaudits and *pious* submission to the curtain of death, accompanied with an accumulation altogether proper for the rumination of contemplation; to which it would have been charming to to have added—Hell and damnation! Passing hastily over "a minutiæ" we run plump upon the "effervescence of experience," unbenefited by the "*lights and shades of circumspection*," and then rolled on until we attained the D. of B's "sequestered obstrusity," which we could not pass for peals of laughter.

Good Heaven! what a regale has this gentleman afforded us of epithets guiltless of meaning or appropriation; of the right puff-paste of metaphor, the thunder of bombast, the sensible ingenuity of tautology, and of all those sublime *et cæteras* which he so wonderfully well knows how to make use of, without understanding their signification. We have appointed a committee to put these precious *morceaux*, with divers others, into heroics; to be ready for the press next month. And they'll make brave and rattling metre, gentlemen, will they not?—We have no kind of objection to his assuming the appearance of learning, by the use of

of Latin quotations; nor do we complain of him becauſe he does not underſtand them; for that he cannot now help. We only requeſt more accuracy in the tranſcription.—As he obviouſly makes himſelf the hero of the billiard-ſcene, I had the curioſity to enquire of an old player, and got myſelf laughed at for my pains—Never mind, the ſtory is not ill told.—The character of the D. of Queenſberry is the beſt thing he ever wrote: but that incomprehenſible piece of nonſenſe and pertneſs called "the Retort courteous," is a ſad diſgrace to your Magazine!

Your's,

A GENTLEMAN JOCKEY.

May 10, 1794.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IF you think the following account of the manner of taking the elephant in the iſland of Ceylon, worthy a place in your entertaining Magazine, by inſerting it you'll oblige

Your conſtant reader,

VERITUS.

Some few years ſince having occaſion to viſit that delightful iſland, I was treated with the utmoſt civility and politeneſs by the governor, Mynheer Vandergraaff, who reſides at Columbo; he was kind enough to give me an invitation to accompany himſelf, his lady, and ſeveral gentlemen between twenty and thirty miles into the interior parts of the country; and provided me with a chaiſe for the purpoſe of ſeeing their manner of taking the elephant, which are here very numerous, and particularly deſtructive amongſt the young trees and plantations.

In order to accompliſh their purpoſe, an immenſe number of cocoa or palm-trees are provided, which are well ſecured in the ground, and bound together both at top and bottom with a cordage made of the bark of the ſame tree, which, notwithſtanding it's great length, the elephants frequently break through, and kill their purſuers.

As ſoon as an incloſure is formed with theſe trees, the ſhape of which reſembles a drag-net, and extends nearly a mile in length, and about thirty or forty yards in breadth, gradually decreaſing towards the extremity where there is a diviſion formed in the ſame manner as the reſt, with the addition of a trap-door, through which the elephants are forced, and when they have paſſed, a perſon who ſits there for that purpoſe, lets down the trap-door, and prevents their return.

A party of about twelve or fifteen hundred men are now employed to ſurround theſe creatures, perhaps it may be at the diſtance of forty or fifty miles; and by the means of firing muſkets, beating drums, and keeping fires conſtantly round them in the night, they continue to drive, for many days, ſometimes weeks, until at length they get them into the incloſure, the ſmalleſt part of which will barely admit one only at a time, and when there, by thruſting a tree behind him, can neither get backwards or forwards.

Two tame elephants are then brought to the ſpot, and after being made faſt between them ſome of the trees are removed, and he is conducted to a place already

already prepared, where he is again secured until he becomes tame and gentle, which very shortly happens; but should he prove unruly, the tame elephants beat and lash him with their trunk or proboscis.

In this manner we had an opportunity of seeing, from a scaffold erected for that purpose, forty taken at once; some of the young ones not more than three feet high, but these were all trampled to death by the others, it being impossible to take them alive.

The Dutch take great numbers annually, and carry on a considerable trade with them to the continent of India.

I regret it is not in my power to send a sketch, but am no draftsman: however, as I have reason to believe myself the first Englishman present on such an occasion, it may be acceptable.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following circumstance of incongruous adoption, extraordinary as it may appear to some of your readers, I nevertheless send for insertion in your Magazine, because I know it to be a fact.

In the summer of 1792, a Mr. B. who lives in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth, had a cat which kittened four or five days after a hen had produced a brood of chickens. As he did not wish to keep more than one cat at a time, the kittens were all drowned, and the same day the cat and one chicken were missed. Diligent search was immediately made in every place that could be thought of, both in and out of the house, to no purpose; and it was concluded that some mischance had befallen both: four days afterwards, however, the servant having occasion to go into an unfrequented part of the cellar, discovered, to his great astonishment, the cat laying in one corner with the chicken hugged close to her body, and one paw laid over as if to preserve it from injury. The cat and adopted chick were brought into a closet in the kitchen, where they continued some days, the cat treating the chicken in every respect as a kitten. Whenever the chicken left the cat to eat, she appeared very uneasy, but on it's return she received it with the affection of a mother: pressed it to her body, purred, and seemed perfectly happy. If the chicken was carried to the hen, it immediately returned to the cat. The chicken was by some accident killed, and the cat would not eat for several days afterwards.

There are many little circumstances attending this unnatural adoption, which I forbear to mention, though they might perhaps strengthen the belief of those who peruse the account; but should any doubts arise of its authenticity, they may be removed by a reference to those who were eye-witnesses to the fact.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your humble servant,

An obliged Correspondent.

Kennington-Lane,
May 9, 1794.

The GAME *of* HAZARD.

THIS game may be played by any number of people. The person who takes the box and

and dice throws a *main*, that is to ſay, a chance for the company, which muſt be more than four, but not exceeding nine: otherwiſe it is no main, and he muſt conſequently continue throwing till he brings five, ſix, ſeven, eight, or nine. This done, he muſt throw his own chance, which may be any above three, and not exceeding ten. If he throws two aces, or trois-ace, (commonly called crabs) he loſes his ſtakes, let the company's chance (which we call the main) be what it will.

Should the main be ſeven, and ſeven or eleven is thrown down immediately after, it is what is called a nick, and the caſter the preſent player) wins out his ſtakes. If eight be the main, and eight or twelve is thrown immediately after, it is alſo called a nick, and the caſter wins his ſtakes. The caſter throwing any other number for the main, ſuch as are admitted, and brings the ſame number directly afterwards, it is likewiſe termed a nick, and he alſo wins whatever ſtakes he has made. Every three ſucceſſive mains the caſter wins, he pays half a guinea to the box, or furniſher of the dice.

The mode of ſtaking or betting at this game, differs from that of any other. If a perſon chooſes to lay ſome money with the thrower or caſter, he muſt put his caſh upon the table, within a circle which is deſcribed for that purpoſe. When he has done this, if the caſter agrees to it, he knocks the box upon the table at the perſon's money with whom he intends to bet, or particularly mentions at whoſe money he throws, which is ſufficient, and he is obliged to anſwer whatever ſum is down, unleſs the ſtaker calls to cover; in that caſe the caſter muſt alſo ſtake, otherwiſe the bets would be void. It is optional in the perſon who bets with the thrower, to bar any throw which the caſter may be going to caſt, provided neither of the dice is ſeen. If one die ſhould be diſcovered, the caſter muſt throw the other to it, unleſs the throw is barred in proper time.

The common odds, which ought to be underſtood by all who attempt to play at this game, are as follow:

If ſeven is thrown for a main, and four the chance, it is two to one againſt the perſon who throws: if ſix to four is thrown, five to three: if five to four is thrown, four to three: ſeven to nine, three to two: ſeven to ſix, three to two, barring the two trois; with the two trois, only ſix to five: ſeven to five, three to two: ſix to five, an even bet, barring the doublets or the two trois; with the trois, five to four: eight to five, an even bet, barring the two fours; five to four, with the two fours: nine to five, even: nine to four, four to three: the nick of ſeven is ſeven to two, though often laid but ten to three; and five to one you do not nick ſix to eight.

The following table will illuſtrate theſe calculations:

TABLE OF THE ODDS.

7 to 4	is 2 to 1
6 to 4	is 5 to 3
5 to 4	is 4 to 3
7 to 9	is 3 to 2
7 to 6	is 3 to 2 barring 2 trois is 6 to 5 with the 2 trois
7 to 5	is 3 to 2
6 to 5	is even, barring 2 trois is 5 to 4 with 2 trois
8 to 5	is even, barring 2 fours is 5 to 4 with 2 fours
9 to 5	is even
9 to 5	is 4 to 3

The

The nick of ſeven is ſeven to two, frequently laid ten to three.

To play the prudent game, a man ſhould be ſo perfectly maſter of theſe odds, as to have them always in his mind, to enable him to bet and hedge; for by taking the odds, a ready calculator often ſecures himſelf, and even ſtands a part of the bet to a certainty. For example: if ſeven is the main, and four the chance, and he has five pounds depending on the main, by taking ſix pounds to three, he muſt either win two pounds or one pound; and, on the contrary, if he does not like his chance, by laying the odds againſt himſelf, he muſt ſave in proportion to the bet he has made.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BY inſerting the following challenge in your moſt entertaining Magazine, you will greatly oblige

Your conſtant readers,

I. and B. H.

Haverfordweſt, May 4, 1794.

COCKING.

THE gentlemen of Pembrokeſhire not being able to get any competitor in Wales, or the counties adjoining, come forward boldly to aſſert they are not afraid to attack all England, and will readily article with any reſpectable perſon or perſons for ten guineas a battle, and five hundred the main, for the term of five years, to meet half way, or home and home. If half way, to ſhew ſixty-one cocks in the main, and twenty byes; if home and home, forty-one mains, and twenty byes. To begin this year, (though late.)

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AS the following information may be acceptable to many of your ſubſcribers in this quarter, I think you will do right to inſert it, and it will alſo oblige one who is an admirer of your entertaining performance.

J. W.

Doncaſter, May 3, 1794.

Mr. William Pemberton, of Middleton Hall, Yorkſhire, has matched his bay colt by Slope, dam by Marſke, grand dam by Syphon, 1 yr old, carrying 7ſt. 4lb. againſt Major Robert Collings's (of Hunworth, in the county of Durham) bay colt, by Delpini, dam by Marſke, out of Ferret, by a brother to Sylvio, carrying alſo 7ſt. when turned of three years of age; to be run on the firſt day of the races at Stockton-upon-Tees, in the year 1796, a two-mile heat, for 50gs. h. ft. to be declared on the 12th of May in that year, p. p.

The NATURAL HISTORY *of the* QUAIL.

THE quail, in point of magnitude, is much inferior to the partridge, not exceeding half the ſize of that bird. The feathers of the head are black, edged with ruſty brown; the breaſt is of a pale yellowiſh red, ſpotted with black; the feathers on the back are marked with lines of pale

pale yellow, and the legs are of a palish hue.

These birds are much less prolific than the partridge, seldom laying more than six or seven whitish eggs, marked with irregular rust-coloured spots. Quail-fighting was a favourite amusement among the Athenians; they abstained from the flesh of this bird, deeming it unwholesome, from a supposition that it fed upon the white hellebore; but they reared great numbers of them, that they might enjoy the pleasure of seeing them fight: they even staked large sums of money, as we do with cocks, on the success of the combat. Fashion, however, has brought about a change with respect to this well-known bird; its valour is no longer regarded, but its flesh is considered as a very great delicacy.

The quail is known to be a bird of passage; and yet, if we consider its heavy manner of flying, and its dearth of plumage, with respect to its corpulence, it seems matter of surprise that a bird, so apparently unqualified for migration, should take such extensive journeys as they do.

"When we sailed from Rhodes to Alexandria," says Bellonius, "about autumn, many quails, flying from the north to the south, were taken in our ship; and sailing, at spring-time, the contrary way, from the south to the north, I observed them on their return, when many of them were taken in the same manner."

This account is confirmed by many others, who assure us that they choose a north wind for these adventures; the south wind being very unfavourable, as it retards their flight by moistening their plumage: in these journies they fly two by two, continuing, when their way lies over land, to go faster by night than by day; and to fly very high, that they may not be surprised, or set upon by birds of prey. It is now, however, asserted, by some, that the quail only migrates from one province of a country to another. For instance, that in England, they fly from the inland counties to those bordering on the sea, where they continue during winter.

The common quail is only known in France and England; but in South America there are crested quails, and in different parts of the world their plumage greatly varies; ten or twelve different species have been enumerated.

Account *of the* Dog-Eaters *at* Casalnuovo.

MANY pages of our Miscellany are replete with accounts of the utility and fidelity of dogs; but we have not yet considered them as an article of food. Swinburne*, however, (who is a very modern traveller) says, "Casalnuovo is a considerable town, containing about four thousand inhabitants, noted for nothing but their taste for dog's flesh; in which they have no competitors that I know of, except their neighbours at Lecce, and the newly-discovered voluptuaries of Otaheite. We did not see one animal of the canine species in the streets; and woe be to the poor cur that follows its master into this cannibal settlement! I could not prevail upon my conductor to own whether they had any flocks of puppies, as of sheep; or took any pains,

* In his travels in the two Sicilies.

by

by caſtration, or particular food, to fatten and ſweeten the dainty before they brought it to the ſhambles. I have ſince procured ſome information upon the ſubject, from impartial perſons, and find that the people of this neighbourhood are looked upon by the reſt of the kingdom as dog-eaters; and it is certain that, both at Lecce and Caſalnuovo, many of the lower ſort reliſh a ſlice of a well-fed cur."

The following extract of a letter from Sir W. Hamilton will, doubtleſs, be conſidered as a confirmation of this fact.—"At Caſalnuovo we had a confirmation of what you mention concerning the inhabitants of that village eating dog's fleſh; for one of our guards had a dog with him, which was immediately ſtolen; and when I miſſed and enquired for the dog the next day, the guard told me that thoſe curſed dog-eaters had got him. At Gallipo I was aſſured that there was no doubt of the fact."—*Extract of a letter from Sir W. Hamilton*, 1789.

Both at Lecce and Caſalnuovo, tanners kidnap dogs, and tan their hides into an imitation of Turkey leather, with which they ſupply the gentlemen of the neighbouring cities, who are nice in their ſlippers. This demand for falſe morocco, occaſions the ſlaughter of many dogs, and probably the cuſtom of eating their fleſh began among the needy tanners; hunger and experience have taught their countrymen to conſider the diſcovery as a very beneficial one. At Bari and Francavilla, horſe-fleſh is ſaid to be publicly ſold in the market; and the tail left on to ſhew the wretched purchaſers what beaſt the meat belonged to. The wits among the populace, nick-name theſe ſhamble horſes, *Caprio ferrato*, a ſhod-deer.

The Natural History *of the* Grous.

THERE are about ſeventeen ſpecies of this genus, of birds, including the foreign and domeſtic; all of which are diſtinguiſhable from other birds of the poultry order, by a naked ſcarlet ſkin above each eye: in other reſpects, they much reſemble our domeſtic fowl. They are not, at preſent, ſo numerous in Europe as we have reaſon to ſuppoſe they were ſome centuries ago. Piny foreſts, and barren heaths, are their natural retreats; and ſince cultivation has increaſed in theſe countries, they are only to be found in ſuch extenſive waſtes as the moors of Weſtmoreland, and the almoſt inacceſſible mountains in the moſt northern parts of Britain.

The firſt of this genus, in order, as well as conſequence, is the wood grous, or cock of the wood: it approaches to the ſize of a turkey, and frequently weighs about fourteen pounds; the female, however, is much ſmaller. The head and neck are aſh-colour, croſſed with black lines; the body and wings cheſnut-brown, and the breaſt of a gloſſy blackiſh green; the legs, which are ſtrong, are covered with brown feathers. The plumage of the female differs from that of the male, in being red about the throat, and having the head, neck, and breaſt, croſſed with red and black bars; the belly barred with orange and black, with the tips of the feathers white: the tips of the ſhoulders are alſo white.

When

When in the foreſt, the cock of the wood chiefly attaches himſelf to the oak and pine tree; feeding on the cones of the latter, and chooſing a habitation among the thick boughs of the former. He alſo feeds upon ant eggs, which ſeems a great delicacy to all birds of the poultry kind; cranberries, too, are frequently found in his crop. The female lays about ſix or ſeven eggs, which are white, marked with yellow, and of the ſize of a common hen's egg: ſhe generally lays them in a dry place on moſſy ground; and when, during the time of incubation, ſhe is obliged to leave her eggs in queſt of food, ſhe covers them up ſo artfully with moſs or dry leaves, that it is extremely difficult to diſcover them.

As ſoon as the young ones are hatched, they run with great agility after the mother, though ſome of them are not perfectly diſengaged from the ſhell. They ſoon come to perfection, and are very hardy: their food lies every where before them, whence it might be imagined that they increaſe in great abundance; but this is not the caſe: their numbers are thinned by rapacious birds and beaſts of every kind, and ſtill more by their own fallacious conteſts. They fight each other like game cocks; and are ſo inattentive to their own ſafety, that two or three of them are ſometimes killed at a ſhot. It ſeems probable, that, in theſe conteſts, the victorious bird takes poſſeſſion of the female ſeraglio, as it is certain they have no faithful attachments. This ſpecies is now ſeldom found, even in the Highlands of Scotland.

The black grous, or black cock, is a much more common bird. It is found in many parts of Europe, and in moſt of the moors in the north of England Its name is very applicable to it, the whole of its body being black; but it has another remarkable characteriſtic, which is, that it has a forked tail. It is about twenty-four inches in length, and rather larger than a common fowl Their conteſts are ſo furious, that in Courland, Livonia, &c. it is a common method of taking them, to aſſemble them together, by imitating the crowing of a black cock, and by having a figure prepared to imitate that animal in all its motions. The grous being collected in vaſt numbers from all quarters, enter at firſt into a kind of ſportive combat, which ſhortly terminates in a real and bloody conteſt: at this time, the combatants are ſo intent upon each other's deſtruction, that they become an eaſy prey to their purſuers, and may eaſily be knocked down with a ſtick. There is a variety of this ſpecies with a plain tail.

The red grous, or moor-cock, have the ſame haunts as the black grous, and are tolerably plentiful. This bird is ſmaller than the preceding ſpecies, its length not exceeding fifteen inches and a half. The throat and back are reddiſh, with a black ſpot in each feather: the breaſt and belly are of a browniſh colour, inclining to purple; and the legs are covered with ſoft whitiſh feathers.

The hazel grous appears to be of the ſame ſpecies with the former, but ſmaller. It is a native of Germany.

The pin-tailed grous has a narrow forked tail, and is of the ſame ſpecies with our red grous. It is about the ſize of a partridge, and is an inhabitant of France, Spain, Barbary, &c.

The Ptarmigan grous is about fifteen inches in length, and has a black bill; the plumage is of a pale aſh-colour, elegantly mottled with duſky ſpots. It is found in all the northern parts of Europe, and in the Highlands of Scotland, the Orkneys, &c.

The foreign birds of this genus differ occaſionally in the plumage from the preceding, but they have all the ſame manners. There is a ſpecies in North America, called the RuffledGrous, diſtinguiſhed by a large ruff on the back part of the neck, which can be raiſed or depreſſed at pleaſure: its head is alſo ornamented with a creſt.

A NARRATIVE *of the* SUFFERINGS *of Lieutenant* GEORGE SPEARING, *who lived* SEVEN NIGHTS *in a* COAL PIT, *without any Suſtenance except ſome Rain Water.*

(Continued from page 8.)

I CANNOT ſay I ſuffered much from hunger. After two or three days, that appetite ceaſed; but my thirſt was intolerable; and though it almoſt conſtantly rained, yet I could not, till the third or fourth day, preſerve a drop of it, as the earth at the bottom of the pit ſucked it up as faſt as it ran down. In this diſtreſs, I ſucked my clothes; but from them I could extract but little moiſture. The ſhock I received in the fall, together with the diſlocation of one of my ribs, kept me, I imagine, in a continual fever; I cannot otherwiſe account for my ſuffering ſo much more from thirſt than I did from hunger. At laſt, I diſcovered the thigh-bone of a bull (which, I afterwards heard, had fallen into the pit about eighteen years before me), almoſt covered with the earth. I dug it up, and the large end of it left a cavity that, I ſuppoſe, might contain a quart. This the water gradually drained into, but ſo very ſlowly, that it was a conſiderable time before I could dip a nut-ſhell full at a time; which I emptied into the palm of my hand, and ſo drank it. The water now began to increaſe pretty faſt, ſo that I was glad to enlarge my reſervoir, inſomuch that, on the 4th or 5th day, I had a ſufficient ſupply; and this water was certainly the preſervation of my life.

At the bottom of the pit there were great quantities of reptiles, ſuch as frogs, toads, large black ſnails or ſlugs, &c. Theſe noxious creatures would frequently crawl about me, and often get into my reſervoir; nevertheleſs, I thought it was the ſweeteſt water I had ever taſted: and, at this diſtance of time, the remembrance of it is ſo ſweet, that, were it now poſſible to obtain any of it, I am ſure I could ſwallow it with avidity. I have frequently taken both frogs and toads out of my neck, where, I ſuppoſe, they took ſhelter while I ſlept. The toads I always deſtroyed; but the frogs I carefully preſerved, as I did not know but I might be under the neceſſity of eating them, which I ſhould not have ſcrupled to have done, had I been very hungry.

Saturday, the 16th, there fell but little rain; and I had the ſatisfaction to hear the voices of ſome boys in the wood. Immediately I called out with all my might; but it was all in vain, though I afterwards learned that they actually heard me, but, being prepoſſeſſed with an idle ſtory of a wild man being in the wood, they ran away affrighted.

Sunday, the 17th, was my birthday,

day, when I compleated my forty-first year; and I think it was the next day that some of my acquaintance, having accidentally heard that I had gone the way I did, sent two or three porters out purposely to search the pits for me. These men went to the miller's house, and made enquiry for me; but, on account of the very great rain at the time, they never entered the wood, but cruelly returned to their employers, telling them they had searched the pit, and that I was not to be found. Many people in my dismal situation would, no doubt, have died with despair; but, I thank God, I enjoyed a perfect serenity of mind; so much so, that in the Tuesday afternoon, and when I had been six nights in the pit, I very composedly (by way of amusement) combed my wig on my knee, humming a tune, and thinking of Archer, in the "Beaux Stratagem."

At length, the morning, (Sept. 20) the happy morning for my deliverance, came: a day that, while my memory lasts, I will always celebrate with gratitude to Heaven! Through the brambles and bushes that covered the mouth of the pit, I could discover the sun shining bright, and my pretty warbler was chaunting his melodious strains, when my attention was roused by a confused noise of human voices, which seemed to be approaching fast towards the pit: immediately I called out, and most agreeably surprized several of my acquaintance, who were in search of me. Many of them are still living in Glasgow; and it is not long since I had the very great satisfaction of entertaining one of them at my apartments. They told me that they had not the most distant hopes of finding me alive; but wished to give my body a decent burial, should they be so fortunate as to find it. As soon as they heard my voice, they all ran towards the pit, and I could distinguish a well-known voice exclaim, "Good God! he is still living!" Another of them, though a very honest North-Briton, betwixt his surprize and joy, could not help asking me, in the Hibernian style, if I were still living? I told him, "I was, and hearty too;" and then gave them particular directions how to proceed in getting me out. Fortunately, at that juncture a collier, from a working pit in the neighbourhood, was passing along the road, and hearing an unusual noise in the wood, his curiosity prompted him to learn the occasion. By his assistance, and a rope from the mill, I was soon safely landed on *terra firma*. The miller's wife had very kindly brought some milk, warm from the cow; but, on my coming into the fresh air, I grew rather faint, and could not taste it. Need I be ashamed to acknowledge that the first dictates of my heart prompted me to fall on my knees, and ejaculate a silent thanksgiving to the God of my deliverance; since, at this distant time, I never think of it, but the tear of gratitude starts from my eyes.

Every morning, while I was in the pit, I tied a knot in the corner of my handkerchief, supposing that, if I died there, and my body should be afterwards found, the number of knots would certify how many days I had lived. Almost the first question my friends asked me was, how long I had been in the pit? Immediately I drew my handkerchief from my pocket, and bade them count the knots. They found seven, the exact number of nights I had

 been

been there. We now hasted out of the wood. I could walk without support; but that was not allowed, each person present striving to shew me how much they were rejoiced that they had found me alive, and so well. They led me to the miller's house, where a great number of people were collected to see me. A gentleman, who had a country-house just by, very kindly, at my request, sent for a glass of white wine. I ordered a piece of bread to be toasted, which I soaked in the wine and ate. I now desired the miller's wife to make me up a bed, fondly thinking that nothing more was wanting than a little refreshing sleep to terminate my misfortune. But, alas! I was still to undergo greater sufferings than I had yet endured. By the almost continual rains, together with the cold damp arising from the wet ground on which I lay, and not being able to take the least exercise to keep up a proper circulation of the blood, my legs were much swelled and benumbed. Some of my friends observing this, proposed to send to Glasgow for medical advice. I at first declined it, and happy had it been for me, if I had pursued my own inclinations; but, unfortunately for me, a physician and surgeon were employed, both of them ignorant of what ought to have been done. Instead of ordering my legs into cold water, or rubbing them with a coarse towel, to bring on a gradual circulation, they applied hot bricks and large poultices to my feet. This, by expanding my blood vessels too suddenly, put me to much greater torture than I ever endured in my life, and not only prevented me enjoying that refreshing sleep I so much wanted, but actually produced a mortification in both my feet. I do not mean, by relating this circumstance, to reflect on the faculty in general at Glasgow; for I was, afterwards, attended by gentlemen who are an honour to the profession. The same method was pursued for several days, without even giving me the bark, till I mentioned it myself. This happily stopt the progress of the mortification, which the doctors did not know had taken place, till the miller's wife shewed them a black spot, about as broad as a shilling, at the bottom of my left heel. In a day or two more, the whole skin, together with all the nails of my left foot, and three from my right foot, came off, like the fingers of a glove.

(To be concluded in our next.)

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IF you think the following worth inserting,

You'll oblige,

Your's, &c.

C. W.

STEWARDS OF THE RACES FOR 1793.

Abingdon, Lord Craven, W. T. Darby, Esq.

Ascot Heath, Rt. Hon. Earl of Sandwich.

Bath, H. H. Coxe, Ed. Andrews, Esqrs.

Bedford, S. Whitbread, J. Harvey, jun. Esqrs.

Blandford, R. E. D. Grosvenor, Esq.

Boroughbridge, Sir H. Goodricke, Bart. Captain Norton.

Bridgnorth, Major Halliday, R. Pigott, Esq.

Brighthelmstone, Sir T. C. Bunbury, Bart.

Burford,

Burford, Lord Sherborne, Edmund Waller, Esq.
Canterbury, N. R. Toke, Percy Dyke, Esqrs.
Catterick Bridge, Capt. Hamilton, John Clifton, Esq.
Chelmsford, Baily Heath, Thomas Wright, Esqrs.
Chester, T. L. Brooke, J. Clifton Jukes, Esqrs.
Chesterfield, W. Hunloke, E. Pierepont, Esqrs.
Conway, Hon. W. Paget, Simon Yorke, Esqrs.
Cowbridge, Lord Mountstuart, S. Richardson, Esq.
Derby, W. D. Lowe, Richard Bateman, Esqrs.
Doncaster, Christopher Wilson, T. R. Beaumont, Esqrs.
Dorchester, William Morton Pitt, Esq.
Dumfries, Sir W. Maxwell, Bart. Hon. W. Ramsay.
Maule, R. A. Oswald, M. Maxwell, Esqrs.
Edinburgh, Earl of Hyndford, Lord Doun, Hon. Captain Hope.
Egham, Colonel Axtell, Major Scott.
Enfield, Mr. Denton, Mr. White.
Epsom, J. H. Durand, Esq.
Grantham, Robert Heron, Simon Yorke, Esqrs.
Guildford, Right Hon. Lord Onslow.
Hertford, Right Hon. Earl of Oxford.
Hexham, Sir H. Williamson, Bart. John Hunter, Esq.
Ipswich, H. Berners, W. Turner, Esqrs.
Knutsford, Sir F. Cunliffe, Bart. B. F. Hesketh, Esq.
Lamberton, Sir Alex. Don, Bart. Anthony Compton, Robert Hunter, Esqrs.
Lambourn, Lord Craven, Charles Dundas, Esq.
Leicester, S. B. Abney, Esq.
Lewes, Lord Montague, J. C. Pelham, Esq.
Litchfield, Lord Grey, H. Wrottesley, Esq.
Lincoln, Lord W. Beauclerk, R. Heron, Esq.
Ludlow, Earl of Oxford.
Malton, Hon. G. Monson, W. Sotheron, Esq.
Manchester, Sir J. F. Leicester, Bart. J. Broome, Esq.
Morpeth, W. M. Milbank, C. J. Brandling, Esqrs.
Nantwich, I. Egerton, W. Tatton, Esqrs.
Newcastle under Lyne, Sir N. B. Grosley, Bart. W. Egerton, Esq.
Newcastle upon Tyne, Hon. W. Kay, C. J. Brandling, Esq.
Newmarket, D. of Bedford, Sir T. C. Bunbury, Bart. Thomas Panton, Esq.
Newton, I. Sedgwick, W. Unsworth, Esqrs.
Northallerton, Capt. Norton, Capt. Den—
Northampton, Lord Compton, Hon. E. ———, Valentine Knightly, Esq.
Oxford, Marquis of Blandford, Lord Wenham.
Penrith, Sir F. F. Vane, Bart. T. Wybergh, Esq.
Peterborough, Hon. L. Damer, R. Benyon, Esq.
Preston, J. Wharton, J. Walmsley, Esqrs.
Reading, F. Annesley, R. A. Neville, Esqrs.
Ruth, Mr. Winsley, Mr. Alderson.
Richmond, Captain Wardle, W. M. Melbank, Esq.
Salisbury, J. H. Penruddock, Esq.
Stamford, J. Heathcote, W. L. Symes, Esqrs.
Shrewsbury, Sir M. Cromie, Bart. R. Puleston, Esq.
Stafford, Lord Belfast, W. Anson, Esq.
Stockbridge, Sir Charles Mill, Bart.
Stockton, G. F. Johnson, S. T. Scroope, Esqrs.

Tewkesbury,

Tewkesbury, Hon. F. Charteris, P. Snell, Esq.
Wakefield, W. Sotheron, T. R. Beaumont, Esqrs.
Winchester, Sir W. Heathcote, Bart.
Worcester, I. D. Halliday, Esq.
York Spring Meeting, Sir C. Turner, Bart. W. Sotheron, Esq.
York August Meeting, Col. Ratcliffe, William Bethell, W Garforth, Esqrs.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

ALTHOUGH an account of the following performance would certainly not have escaped your vigilance, yet, as I can give it you from better authority than, in all probability, it might come to your hands, I have no doubt but you will insert it.

Your's, &c.

R.

May 10, 1794.

In consequence of a bet made some little time before, between two gentlemen well known on the turf, (Mr. H——y, and J. D—d, Esq.) the former gentleman undertook to ride his own horse *eleven miles* in 30 minutes, for one hundred guineas; which was decided in his favour on Monday May 5. At half past five o'clock in the morning of that day, Mr. H——y arrived at the place appointed to start from, and soon after mounted his horse with that coolness which generally marks those who are confident of success, and immediately proceeded on the turnpike-road between HAMPTON and STANES, with uncommon ease both to the animal and himself. The wager was performed two minutes and a half sooner than the time proposed. The horse, which, before this extraordinary exploit, was never considered of any great consequence, is now risen so much in the estimation of those who know him, that Mr. D—— has offered 300 guineas for him, which has been refused by his owner.—It may not be improper to observe, that Mr. H. rode *fifteen stone and a half*.

SPORTING CONTRASTS.

(*Continued from page* 20.)

TO the contemplative let it afford *food* for REFLECTION; to the indolent, let it produce *excitement* to INDUSTRY; and to the *changeling*, let it become a *stimulus* to *stability*, to be authentically informed, that RUSTICUS, a well-known character in the SPORTING WORLD, originally emerged from the obscurity of an earthen potter's yard at *Cove*, in the county of HANTS, to display his abilities in the more *popular* character of POST-BOY (alias chaise driver) to TILBURY, who then kept the *Red Lion*, at BAGSHOT. Here, though totally a stranger to the rudiments of the *belles lettres*, (unable either to *write* or *read*) he became a proficient in the game of *cribbage*, and acquired some knowledge in the *doctrine* of *chances*. Having *industriously* accumulated a small aggregate for his embarkation, he bade adieu to the *dreary journeys* dependent upon the *whip*, and commenced SPORTSMAN upon such an *extensive* and *successful* scale, as soon rendered him an object of no inferior estimation. A very few years afforded ample proof of his *indefatigable zeal* and unremitting perseverance: he

he had ſeveral horſes conſtantly in training, and they were as conſtantly *winners*; his BETS were always made with *judgment*, and even *envy* has never preſumed to ſuppoſe they were ever paid or received but with the moſt *unſullied punctuality*. After continuing to attend, for more than *thirty years*, all the faſhionable meetings, and ſuppoſed to have accumulated from *twenty* to *thirty* thouſand pounds, he has ſecured a farm of very conſiderable magnitude, within a day's ride of the metropolis; where he is frequently ſeen, rather as a *diſtant obſerver*, than AN ACTOR, in ſcenes that afford us, by their *effects*, ample ſcope to admit

> "The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
> Puzzled with mazes, and perplexed in errors."

In direct conformity with the above *verſatile* diſpoſition of FORTUNE, let it be known, and known only to be corroborated by the incontrovertible evidence of THE WRITER, that there is now in the metropolis, one who ſome years ſince *held* the *plough*, and occaſionally *ran* after the hounds, in a certain part of Glouceſterſhire, but prompted, by a JUSTICE'S WARRANT for *poaching*, to leave the country, he made his private entry into London, and ſafely depoſited himſelf with the waggoner at *an inn* upon SNOW HILL; from whence, obſerving *twenty-four* malefactors going to the place of execution at Tyburn, in *ſix carts*, on the *firſt morning* after his arrival, he was preparing to return into the country with all the HORRORS of CONVICTION upon his mind, ſaying, "if they hung *twenty-four* in a day, he was ſure it would *ſoon* come to *his turn*:" but, having the firſt ſhock of this appearance wiped away by a proper explanation, he was induced to retract what in his fears was propoſed, and became ſpeedily initiated in the MYSTERIES OF PHYSIC, as PORTER to a DRUGGIST not a hundred miles from Tower-Hill, where his *knot* and his *yarn ſtockings* were the moſt diſtinguiſhing appendages to the *dignity* of his ſituation. From hence, after a couple of years attentive and faithful ſervitude, he became tranſplanted to the more FERTILE and BRILLIANT ſcenes of the weſt end of the town, where he officiated in the more arduous and complicated department of aſſiſtant, &c. Here, in the courſe of *five years only*, with a FRUGALITY hardly to be believed, he abſolutely ſaved ſufficient to embark in an eſtabliſhed ſhop, upon the death of the poſſeſſor, in which he has not only continued his practice with a degree of integrity and honour, for more than *thirty years*, but acquired, under the ſanction and patronage of an approving public, a ſufficiency for the handſome ſupport of age, whenever his infirmities may compel, or his choice influence him, to retire from the fatigues of practice.

VICE VERSA.—The great GEORGE MATTOCKS, of *muſical memory*, who ſo long gave operatic laws to Covent-Garden Theatre, and *gratified* his *appetite* with the moſt *expenſive luxuries* of *every ſeaſon*; who was looked up to by the *faſcinated females* as the *theatric Adonis* of the day, and occaſionally *ſported* his perſon in his SEDAN (or rather *Mrs. Mattocks's*) lined with *white ſattin*, is now more happily *ſet down* in the neighbourhood of *Liverpool*, with *ſeventy pounds* a year from THE FUND; which, with an occaſional

fional *twenty* from the DEAR PARTNER of his "*early love*," furnifhes a *beef-fteak* and a *bottle* at all feafons of the year, undifturbed by the jealoufies and inceffant difquietudes of a Theatre.

NARCISSUS, was one of the handfomeft men in the metropolis, and at a certain period, when good old SIR JOHN FIELDING and *Covent-Garden* were at the height of their popularity, NARCISSUS was the envied favourite of the moft beautiful and celebrated *nymphs* in its environs. To *Bartlett*, *Ward*, *Godfrey*, *Brookes*, *Townfend*, and the long lift of blooming *et cæteras*, he was alternately fubfervient, till a too great adherence to relaxation, and the court of COMUS, introduced him to a lift of *honourable* affociates in the *Gazette*, where he fhone in all the fplendid dignity of a "WHEREAS," (but it is fuppofed not without making fuch referves as is *cuftomary* upon *fimilar* occafions); for fome time after which, it was neceffary he fhould affect fome degree of indigence, "though he had it not;" for a connection with the *family* foon made him throw off the mafk, and appear in public with more than renovated fplendor, and the moft fafhionable effrontery. E. O. and FARO TABLES in the metropolis, a *collateral firm* in the warm and fertile regions of BATH, with all the happy appendages of HAZARD, BILLIARDS, and CARDS, magically produced a PHAETON, and the *tout en femble*, a lady of fortune, who condefcended to accept his vows at the altar, and fubmitted moft liberally her *perfon* and *property* to his difcretion. PRUDENCE feems to have approved the felection on either fide, and HYMEN to protect their domeftic tranquillity, which *Fame* has never *yet* been known to *fully*. A pack of hounds has long fince conftituted a part of the *country* appendage, and we conftantly meet the happy pair *fporting* their CURRICLE in the moft fafhionable parades of the metropolis.

(To be continued.)

THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

MAY 9.

A NEW comedy, entitled *The Jew*, was performed laft night, and received throughout with warm applaufe.—The chief characters are—

Shebah (the Jew)	-	Mr. Bannifter.
Sir Stephen Bertram	-	Mr. Aikin.
Frederick Bertram	-	Mr. Palmer.
Charles Radcliffe	-	Mr. Wroughton.
Saunders	- -	Mr. Mattocks.
Jabel	- - -	Mr. Suett.
Louifa Radcliffe	- -	Mifs Farrens
Mrs. Radcliffe	- -	Mrs. Hopkins.
Mrs. Goodifon	- -	Mrs. Booth.
Dorcas	- - -	Mifs Tidfwell.

The plan of the piece is to exhibit a benevolent Jew; and this Mr. Cumberland, who, we underftand, is the author, has fucceeded in delineating with great effect. Leffing, the German dramatift, has a character of the fame caft, but the play before us is not a copy. He has treated his fubject after his own manner; and though the plot foon clofes, and the two laft acts are fpun out after the fufpenfe, and confequently the interefts have ceafed, yet it is interfperfed with fo many touches of fenfibility, that the mind is not wearied in going with him to the end of the piece.

The

The fable, in a few words, is this: — Frederick Bertram, the fon of Sir Stephen, a rich merchant, fecretly marries Eliza, the fifter of Charles Radcliffe, who is reduced, for the fupport of his mother and fifter, to be the clerk of Sir Stephen. He is difmiffed the fervice, and Frederick turned out of doors, on account of the marriage, and the Jew protects them. He gives Frederick 300l. and when he finds that the father expected that his fon fhould receive a portion of 10,000l. with the woman that he married, he fecretly bought for her 10,000l. confols. He finds that Charles Radcliffe had refcued him from the hands of a rafcally mob in the ftreet, and that he is the fon of a generous man, who faved him, in Spain, from the more dreadful horrors of an *auto de fe*. He therefore leaves him his whole fortune.

Mr. Cumberland has confined himfelf to the fingle plot of the fecret marriage, and the benevolent interference of Shebah; he has no novelty of character, no ftriking, bold, whimfical, or elegant features, in any of the perfons except the Jew, by which any of the performers, but Mr. Bannifter, could exhilarate the fcene by the arts of their talents.

The whole depends on the Jew, and Mr. Bannifter has an admirable fcope for the difplay of his incomparable talents. If perfect fuccefs be the beft criterion of excellence in a part, he may truly boaft of having delineated the Jew with truth; for never was applaufe more cordial; and yet we regret to think that his tone had too much of the whine. The Jew, though fupple, is not a fycophant: and the fentiments would not fuffer, if delivered with a firmer tone.

The generous idea of refcuing a people from the wretched prejudices under which they labour, is worthy the pen of a philofophical writer; and the fuccefs which the Play obtained does honour to the feelings and the juftice of the houfe.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MAY 10th.

LAST night a new operatic piece, in one act, called Love and Honour, was performed, as one of the entertainments, for Mrs. Martyr's benefit.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

William - -	Mr. Incledon.
Lieutenant Capftern,	Mr. Johnftone.
Dick - -	Mr. Blanchard.
Grapple - -	Mr. Townfhend.
Farmer Ploughfield	Mr. Thompfon.
Clodpole - -	Mr. Rees.
Hobnail - -	Mr. Abbot.
Mary - -	Mrs. Martyr.

The fubject of this little piece, which the writer candidly mentions to have been furnifhed by Mrs. Martyr herfelf, may be given in a few words. Mary, underftanding that her fweetheart, William, (a failor) was ftationed in India, refolved, inftead of ftaying at home, moping, and lamenting his abfence, to enter on fhip-board, (under difguife as a failor) in purfuit of him. For this purpofe, fhe fets off for Portfmouth, accompanied by her brother Dick, who endeavours to perfuade her to drop the enterprize, and return back, ftriving at the fame time to alarm her fears of being taken and carried into France, or of what fhe may fuffer on fhipboard for her idle pranks. In the mean time, William appears to have landed, having juft efcaped from fhip- wreck,

wreck, but ſaved his property; and on his return to ſee his father and ſweetheart, Mary, is taken by a preſs-gang, a diviſion of which having alſo fallen in with Mary, is the means of an interview being effected between the lovers, at the critical moment when they might have been ſeparated for ever.—The lieutenant of the preſs-gang, who appears alſo to have felt the ſhafts of love, diſmiſſes William, on Mary's diſcovering herſelf, and permits the lovers to return home happy.

The piece was very favourably received.—Though the dialogue of a one-act Opera neceſſarily demands conciſeneſs, there were ſeveral ſtrokes that told well—particularly ſome temporal ones. Moſt of the muſic is new, and of real excellence.—The little production was got up with much correctneſs and attention, and to which the reſpective performers, particularly Incledon, Johnſtone, Townſhend, and Mrs. Martyr, exerted themſelves with their uſual ability.

MAY 21.

NEW MUSICAL AFTER-PIECE.

LAST night, for the benefit of Mr. Munden, after the well-acted comedy of The School for Wives, a new two-act opera, called The Packet-Boat, was brought forward at the above Theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Woodford - -	Mr. Incledon.
Supple - -	Mr. Quick.
Scamper - -	Mr. Munden.
Captain O'Phœnix	Mr. Johnſtone.
Vintage - -	Mr. Powell.
Midſhip - -	Mr. Croſs.
Iſidora - -	Miſs Poole.
Jacqueline - -	Mrs. Martyr.
Commode - -	Mrs. Watts.

The ſtory is briefly as follows:—The ſuppreſſion of the convents in France releaſes Iſidora, who, under the arbitrary will of her father, had taken the veil, to prevent her marrying Woodford. He, in conſequence of this meaſure, makes the tour of Europe, with his valet Scamper, to divert his mind, and is on his return to England, when he takes his paſſage on board the ſame packet in which Iſidora is returning, under the protection of Jacqueline, a female friend, diſguiſed in a military dreſs, for the better ſecurity of both.

Woodford's picture, dropt from Iſidora's boſom in the packet-boat, brought to him by one of the ſailors in a miſtake, brings about the diſcovery.—Jacqueline appoints O'Phœnix, her lover, an Iriſh officer, to meet her on her return, who falls in at the ſame hotel with his old friend Woodford. — The hotel being crowded with company, the ladies are lodged at the houſe of Supple, a receiver of ſmuggled goods; which circumſtance is the occaſion of ſome embarraſſment to Woodford, but is ſoon cleared up by the early arrival of Jacqueline to demand the miniature, which brings matters about, to the ſatisfaction of all parties.

The piece was received with much applauſe, by a very crowded audience.

Of the acting we need ſay little, after referring our readers to the *Dramatis Perſonæ*.

The exertions of the different performers—thoſe of the firſt rank—no leſs evinced in what eſtimation Mr. Munden is held within the Houſe, than did the audience who were preſent, the popular opinion without.

THE

THE

FEAST OF WIT;

OR,

SPORTSMAN's HALL.

AT the late affizes at Worcefter, a caufe was tried about the foundnefs of a horfe, in which a clergyman, not educated in the fchool of Tatterfall, appeared as a witnefs: he was confufed in giving his evidence, and the furious bluftering Counfellor, who examined him, was at laft tempted to exclaim, " Pray, Sir, do you know the difference between a horfe and a cow?"—" I acknowledge my ignorance," faid the grave divine: I hardly know the difference between a *horfe* and a *cow*, or between a *bully* and a *bull*; only that a bull, I am told, has *horns*, and a bully, (bowing refpectfully to the Counfellor) luckily for me, has *none*."

The crimps may boaft as they will of their extraordinary talents in obtaining men for his Majefty's fervice; but, after all, the beft recruiting ferjeant in the world is—*Neceffity*; —for when Hunger turns drummer, and beats a tat too upon an empty ftomach, it fo rattles up a man's valour—that he becomes a hero in fpite of himfelf, and has no alternative between *Death* or *Glory*.

A recruiting ferjeant, who, with great military eloquence, was expoftulating on the advantages of enlifting at the prefent period, in preference to any that ever was, or ever will be, concluded his harangue by ftating, that his captain, with unexampled generofity and liberality, had ordered a bran-new filver watch to be prefented to every hero who enlifts in his company; fo that he may mark the lucky minute which fnatched him from a menial fituation—placed him in the road to riches and honour—enfured him a laurel crown—and entitled him to be *praifed* in the Hiftory of England, and *buried* in Weftminfter Abbey!!!

An Irifh paper contains a notice, " that the fair of Rathfryland, *on account of the day being bad*, is poftponed to Wednefday the 7th of May, when it will be held as ufual.

Mr. Gurney's declaration, that he could not read his notes at fight, reminds us of one of the Clerks of the Cuftom-houfe, who, when called upon to explain his own hand-writing, obferved, that he

he was a *cocket-writer*, and not a *cocket-reader*

In an Iriſh provincial paper is the following ſingular article:—"Whereas *Patrick Donnel O'Connor* lately left his lodgings: this is to give notice, that if he does not return immediately, and pay for the ſame, he will be *advertiſed!*"

MEDICAL ANECDOTE.

BOUVART, the phyſician, called on a certain gentleman, whom he had attended for ſome time paſt, during a ſevere illneſs. "Good day to you, M. Bouvart!" ſays the ſick man. "I am glad to ſee you. I feel quite in ſpirits, and I think the fever has left me. Only judge."—"I am ſure of it," replied the Doctor: "the very firſt expreſſion you have uſed, convinces me."—"How can that be?"—Oh! nothing more eaſy. In the firſt days of your illneſs, when you were in ſuch great danger, I was your *dear friend.* When you began to get better, I was your *dear Bouvart*; and now, I am *M. Bouvart.* You may depend upon it, that you are quite recovered!"

During the late rage for miniatures, a certain doating old dame thus accoſted her ſon and heir:—"My dear, I ſhould like to ſee your face ſet in pearls."—"And I," ſaid the youth archly, "ſhould like to ſee your's ſet in "ſtones."

At a public dinner, at which Lord Howe's health was propoſed, a gentleman obſerved, that he had no objection to the toaſt, but that he would not drink him *in port!*

FRIENDSHIP IN STRIFE.

A man brought an action againſt his neighbour, for breaking down his fence: they were both *prudent* men, ſuch as the world calls *niggardly*;—and ſo, to ſave expences, they hired a horſe between them, to carry them to the trial.

WHIMSICAL ANECDOTE.

Samuel Baldwyn, a gentleman of Hampſhire, had, by his will in the year 1736, ordered, that, after his deceaſe, his body ſhould be thrown into the ſea beyond the Needles, which was accordingly complied with. On making enquiry into his motives for the ſingular diſtribution of his remains, it was diſcovered, that he made it for the purpoſe of diſappointing a young wife, who had frequently aſſured him, by way of *conſolation*, that ſhe ſhould dance upon his grave.

SPORTING PORTRAITS.

No. VI.

IS a ſtriking perſonal reſemblance of ſome of his royal relations, who have likewiſe done us the honour of a condeſcending ſitting, for the purpoſe of forming the collection now before us. His R. H. entered into all the *blandiſhments* of the FIELD, the TURF, and the TAVERN, with each a ſuperlative exceſs of imagination, and with a degree of HONOUR and innate INTEGRITY that will immortalize his name. He no ſooner became convinced of the folly of the perſon, the danger of a permanent attachment, and the ſimplicity of devotees to ſuch complication of variegated inconſiſtencies, than he inſtantly emancipated himſelf from the ſcene of villainous deception that ſurrounded him, from all the ſhackles that *faſhion* ſo conſtantly becomes ſubſervient to, and is

now

now engaged in the service of his country, fighting those battles that every humane mind is interested in, and every good heart anxiously wishes success to. The entré of his H. upon the TURF, was made under the wing of an elder brother, to whose wishes (more from fraternal affection, than personal gratification) he became obedient, and entered his name to a variety of sweepstakes and subscriptions, at the decisions of which he was seldom present, or more engaged than to deposit the stakes, the *taking up*, or *return of which*, was a matter that is well known to (seldom or ever) have given him the least personal *trouble* or *concern*. Seeming to be but little delighted with the perpetual sameness of hunting with the stag-hounds of his father, he adopted the more noble pursuit of the FOX, and purchased a pack of hounds, that, had they continued under the same patronage and superintendance, would have ranked with the first in the kingdom. His district, though large, extending from Chertsey and Guildford, in Surrey, to Farley Hill and the banks of the Thames, in Berks, was not the best calculated for the sport; but that no one thing might be wanting to constitute a certainty, *thirty-five* brace of foreign foxes were turned out in one week, upon every part of the district; the good effects of which will be evident for years, to such of the neighbouring packs as hunt foxes when they find them. His hunters and retinue were likewise in the highest stile of magnificence; the FARMERS, to the amount of HUNDREDS, were elegantly entertained ANNUALLY in their different neighbourhoods, and the sport continued for two seasons in a singular state of celebrity; but from what cause (whether a want of personal enjoyment) it is uncertain, his R. H. hunted but little himself; when, at length, entering into that scene of connubial comfort, that contracts the rays of pleasure to a *domestic focus*, orders were immediately given for a disposal of *hounds*, *horses*, and reduction of retinue, that has enabled his H. H. to give a brilliancy to his former establishment, even in the moment of its annihilation, by most honourably discharging every demand upon his PURSE as a MAN, and his LIBERALITY as a PRINCE.

No. VII.

THE portrait before us, is certainly one of the oldest and least fluctuating members of a certain club at Newmarket: he has had the most numerous and successful stud in training for upwards of thirty years, of any subject in the kingdom; and has fulfilled every engagement, to an immense annual amount, with a consistency of character the most unsullied. And it must constitute no trifling gratification of personal ambition, that a line of between *forty* and *fifty* of his horses in training *at one time*, with the conformity of the CLOTHES, LADS, and LIVERIES, has displayed one of the richest scenes in SPLENDOR and OPULENCE this kingdom has ever been known to produce. Report, and those idle chroniclers,—the party-coloured prostituted prints of diurnal productions,—have, from temporary events, and extraordinary effects, ranked him a considerable loser by his engagements upon the Turf; while those, who have more accurately analized "The RACING CALENDAR" for the last twenty

twenty years, will obferve his winnings to have been no lefs, upon a ftanding average, than *four, five*, or *fix* thoufand per annum; eftimating the emolument as they arofe, only from the STAKES, without adverting to what in general (the betting) becomes much more confiderable.

When we contemplate the viciffitudes fo frequently arifing from a conftant attendance upon the Turf: when we take even a tranfient furvey of the variegated adventures of its numerous votaries, but particularly when we form the contraft between a life of difinterefted liberality on one fide, and the moft abandoned villainy, the moft invincible profligacy and diffipation on the other, we can but admire the lights, fhades and reliefs, of this piece, as a model for imitation. Yet, amidft all the fplendid fcenes of fublunary brilliancies to which the original was born, his career of domeftic comfort was totally deftroyed, by the interpofition of ROYAL PREROGATIVE: and fo recent is the *fublimity* of the correfpondence, and the *infamy* of that *feduction*, in every memory, that there is hardly a FATHER or a HUSBAND exifting, who cannot, with the moft impreffive fenfations of fympathy, readily conceive the almoft annihilated ftate he ftood in, when, (invoking Heaven to grant him patience) with uplifted hands, he exclaimed, in the moft agonizing defpondency,—" Behold me, here, a man more *finned* againft than *finning!*" —To enlarge upon tranfactions, that can only ferve to renew a fcene of difquietude, is not the purport of this retrofpection; it is introduced only as an enlivening ray of light, to relieve a feature from the canvafs, by which the likenefs may be more readily afcertained; that having been completed, it muft fuffice to add, that in the very zenith of equeftrian competition, when the TURF teemed with a fuperflux of adventurers, he was the MAIN SPRING that gave action to the *whole*: in the lefs fertile and lefs glorious meetings of the *laft few years*, his endeavours have not been lefs ftrenuous, and to him alone may be fairly and juftly attributed the emerging profpect of renovation in the *fweepftakes, fubfcriptions* and *matches*, of the prefent year; without whofe perfonal exertions every fporting department, except in the North, a very few months fince, held forth a moft unpromifing fterility.

No. VIII.

The moft correct and beautiful reprefentation of one of the greateft, moft glorious, diftinguifhed and independent characters this kingdom ever had to boaft. Whether we advert to his *abilities* as a SENATOR, his perfeverance as a PATRIOT, his punctuality as a SPORTSMAN, or his fupport of *dignity* in the SCALE of SOCIETY, we fhall find him equally entitled to our refpect and admiration. Like his predeceffors in the political hemifphere of former ages, he has been fubject to the viciffitudes of popular fluctuations; but amidft fuch changes (fo vifibly dependent upon *times, feafons, fafhions*, and *caprice*) he has ever been confidered the ftaunch friend of the people, and an inviolable fupporter of the conftitution. However POLITICAL OPINIONS may vary, refpecting the purity of his *principles*, no man living will prefume to declare he has ever attempted pecuniary depredations upon the REVENUE of his COUNTRY on one part, or the

purfe

purse of the *people* on the other. An ORATOR from his infancy, and a SPORTSMAN by the effect of intuition, or the prevalence of fashion, it can create no surprize that we find him a *blazing comet* of the SENATE, and a *member* of the JOCKEY CLUB immediately after his emancipation from the dreary dictates of the more dreary drudgery of collegiate tyranny, and scholastic subordination. In his initiation to the "*music* of the *bones*," or the pleasures of the *turf*, eternal losses paved his way, as is the custom with all noviciates at their introduction. To depredations of the first magnitude, he opposed the most unsullied philosophy, and sustained the injuries that were so lavishly heaped upon him with the greatest patience, as they unfolded a variety of the mysteries contained in the immense volume of human depravity.—So great and diversified were the infinite resources of genius and intellect, that in the very zenith of his popular attraction, when surprizing the SENATE with the utmost force and power of rhetorical fascination, and his PATRIOTIC exertions resounded through the remotest corners of the kingdom; we have seen him an invariable nocturnal devotee at the court of COMUS, and known him take, in alternate succession, the SENATE and the *subscription-house*, without the intervening assistance of the pillow, for the renovation of restoration of either *body* or *mind*. Thus, possessed of such an immense store of mental energy and personal experience, it is natural to suppose he became proof against every attack of *the family*; on the contrary, the liberality of his mind, the openness of his heart, rendered him the unsuspecting and eternal dupe of their determined villainy; in habitual subservience to which, a very considerable property became totally appropriate. His engagements upon the TURF were not the most *numerous*, but of the most HONOURABLE kind: his confederacy was with his most intimate friend, the late Lord F—y, and so strictly JUST and EQUITABLE were they in the most minute aad trivial part of their concerns, that neither *envy*, *prejudice*, or the spirit of opposition, has ever presumed to arraign their conduct in either point of view. Upon the TURF, he has been always accustomed to animadvert with jocularity upon his own losses, and repeatedly observed, "his horses had as much *bottom* as other peoples; but they were such *slow good ones*, they never went fast enough to *tire themselves*." He had, however, the inexpressible gratification to experience some few exceptions to this *imaginary* rule; for in the year 1790, his horse *Seagull* won the OATLANDS STAKES at Ascot, of 100 guineas each, (nineteen subscribers) beating the P. OF WALES'S ESCAPE, SERPENT, and several of the best horses of that year, to the very great mortification and vociferous disappointment of his R. H. who immediately matched *Magpie* against him, to run four days after, 8st. 7lb. each, two miles, for 500 guineas, upon which immense sums were depending, and won by *Seagull*, with ease. That year, he and his confederate had thirty horses in training, upon the majority of which, FAME has not much to introduce: suffice it to say, that the winning of *Seagull* alone, in *stakes only*, amounted to no less than fifteen hundred and twenty guineas; and, as sportsmen, it is natural to conclude the common field

field betting muſt exceed the principal. The loſs of his friend, whoſe judgment he moſt confided in, conſiderably relaxed his ardour in a purſuit that ſeems, in more reſpects than one, to be deprived of the former fervency of faſhion. To ſum up his perſonal excellencies, would be to go over a great deal of ground, and expoſe us, perhaps, to the cavil and critique of more cynical biographers; we ſhall, therefore, only preſume to obſerve, that his time at preſent is equally divided between PARLIAMENTARY DUTY and *domeſtic comfort:* when he relaxes from the ſeverity of the former, it is only to enjoy the ſweets of ſociety with his female friend, at St. Anne's Hill, in the neighbourhood of Chertſey, where they may be frequently ſeen indulging ſcenes of ruſtication and tranquillity, that many more diſtinguiſhed (and perhaps more *honourable*) pairs would feel themſelves happy to *equalize* or imitate.

NATURAL HISTORY *of the* WOLF, *including an Account of the various Methods which have been taken to rid the World of ſo rapacious an Invader.*

NATURALISTS ſeem perfectly to agree in placing the wolf and the dog in the ſame claſs; and, from the ſlighteſt inſpection of only its external form, it is apparent that a wolf is, in every reſpect, a dog in its ſtate of natural freedom. The ſhape of its head, indeed, is different; and its eyes, being fixed in a more oblique poſition, give it a look of more ſavage ferocity. Its ears are ſharp and erect; its tail long, buſhy, and bending inwards between its hind legs: its body is ſtronger than that of almoſt any dog's, its jaws and teeth larger, and its hair thicker and coarſer. The internal ſtructure of theſe animals is perfectly ſimilar. The wolf couples in the ſame manner as the dog, and its immediate ſeparation is prevented by the ſame cauſe: the time of geſtation is alſo nearly the ſame; and, from a variety of ſucceſsful experiments, related by Dr. Hunter, there is no reaſon any longer to doubt that the wolf and the dog will copulate together, and produce an intermediate ſpecies capable of ſubſequent propagation.

For every kind of animal food, the appetite of the wolf is exceſſively voracious; and though nature has furniſhed it with every requiſite for purſuing and ſubduing its prey, it is often reduced to the laſt extremity, and ſometimes even periſhes for want of food. So great is the general deteſtation of this deſtructive creature, that all the wild animals endeavour to avoid it, and generally eſcape by their ſuperior ſwiftneſs.

When preſſed with hunger from repeated diſappointments, the wolf becomes outrageous, from neceſſity. It then braves every danger, and even attacks thoſe animals which are under the protection of man. Whole droves of them ſometimes join in the cruel work of general devaſtation, roam through the villages, and attack the ſheep-folds: they dig the earth under the doors, enter with dreadful ferocity, and deſtroy every living creature before they depart.

The horſe is the only tame animal that can defend itſelf againſt their fury and voracity: all thoſe of a weaker kind become their prey; even man himſelf, upon theſe occaſions, often falls a

victim

viction to their rapacity; and it is said, that, when they have once tasted of human blood, they prefer it to that of any other creature. Hence many superstitious stories have originated, respecting the wolf; and hence the Saxons supposed that it was possessed by some evil spirit, and called it the *were wulf*; and the French peasants, for the same reason, call it the *loup-garou*.

The poet thus beautifully expatiates on the insatiable fury of this animal:—

" By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
" Of horrid mountains, which the shining Alps,
" And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
" Branch out, stupendous, into distant lands,
" Cruel as death! and hungry as the grave!
" Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim,
" Assembling wolves, in raging troops descend,
" And, pouring o'er the country, bear along
" Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow;
" All is their prize."——

The wolf is particularly strong in the muscles of his neck and jaws, and can easily carry off a sheep in his mouth. His bite is keen and cruel, when he meets with little resistance: but, when opposed, he is cautious and circumspect, and seldom fights but from necessity: he is less sensible than the dog, but more hardy and robust. He almost incessantly prowls about for prey, and, of all animals, is the most difficult to conquer, in the chase. His sense of smelling is so perfect, that he scents the track of animals, and follows it with astonishing perseverance: — the odour of carrion strikes him at the distance of almost a league. These animals can endure hunger for a long time; and, to allay it, will sometimes fill their stomachs with mud. They have been known to follow armies; and assemble in troops upon the field of battle, tearing up such bodies as have been carelessly interred, and devouring them with insatiable avidity.

The wolf has, in all ages, been considered as the most savage enemy of mankind, and rewards have always been offered for his head. Various methods have been adopted to rid the world of this rapacious invader; pitfalls, traps, and poison, have all been employed against him; and, happily for these islands, the whole race has here been long extirpated. To effect this purpose in England, king Edgar remitted the punishment of certain crimes, on producing a certain number of wolves' tongues; and, in Wales, the tax of gold and silver was commuted for an annual tribute of wolves' heads.

Some centuries after, they encreased to such an alarming degree, as to become a particular object of royal attention, and considerable rewards were given for destroying them. Camden relates, that certain persons held their lands on condition of hunting and destroying the wolves which infested the country; whence they were called the *wolf-hunt*. In the reign of Athelstan, wolves abounded so much in Yorkshire, that a retreat was built at Flixton, to defend passengers from their attacks. As the ravages of these animals were greatest during winter, particularly in January, when the cold was severest, our Saxon ancestors distinguished that month by the title of *wolf-moneth*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Ranelagh Masquerade.

April 30th.

To the credit of the conductors of this elegant place of amusement, we must say, that there never appeared a more *happy* society than that which was made up of the masques, dominos, and undisguised visitors, who mingled in the festive scene of Wednesday night.

Before supper, about 1500 had assembled; neither was this number much diminished till daylight.

Characters, as is too frequently the case in London, compared with the mass, were but few, and of these few, a very small part, indeed, deserved any notice for their ability, or even for their attempts to entertain.

The most entitled to notice, was a *Katterfelto and his Black Cat*, who kept his head clear for the purposes of conjuration, as long as his auditors were sufficiently collected to relish his tricks.

A *Charlotte Cordé, risen from the grave*, was all night brandishing her sanguinary dagger in pursuit of Roberspierre, whom she vowed to *Maratise* in due time.

A *Sleep-walker* and *Sleep-talker* perambulated and muttered till it was time for all the world to wake and speak to the purpose.

A *tall beggar* deserved particular credit, for being, while exceedingly well dressed in character, perfectly clean in his garb, which was evidently made up for the occasion, according to the dictates of a most picturesque taste.—We mean this as a hint to those who, in low characters at masquerade, only become noticeable in proportion as our senses are offended by their external filth, and *perfectly natural vulgarity of manners.* Of such there were, in the present instance, too liberal a sprinkling!

The Wierd Sisters,—with no other witchery about them than that of face.

A *Mercury* was well dressed, and that was all; for (perhaps sensible enough of his colloquial incapacity) he delivered a *neatly printed Ode to May*, which was unfortunately *nonsense:* however, to do him justice, by the aid of the convivial glass, he found, at a late hour, at which end of him his wit really lay—*id est*, in his heels; not Harlequin himself was a match for him.

To speak of character, after these, were only to mention a throng of women disgustingly metamorphosed into male forms, and of men *vice versa*; sailors, chimney-sweepers, scullions, Gazette hawkers, &c. &c. as also a few *fools* of the Theatres.

Some of the fancy dresses were very elegant—these were chiefly Turkish.

The *fire-works* in the garden were played off with unusually good success, in consequence of the dryness and serenity of the evening, and were very beautiful.

The supper and wines were as good as we had a right to expect, and plentiful.—Several persons of fashion were in the rotunda; but we did not see the Prince among them. The rotunda was not cleared at seven o'clock.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

Happening, a few days since, to take an evening's excursion, in eager hope and expectation of *stumbling over* some mental relaxation, "Fortune," ("my lucky genius!—my better "stars!

ſtars!"—or by whatever appellation, in the ſublimity of your phraſeology, you will permit my leader to be called) accidentally introduced me to a nocturnal aſſemblage of the moſt celebrated *(ſelf-ſelected)* ſportſmen the kingdom has to boaſt. POLITICS, STOCKS, CAMPAIGNS, VICTORIES, MONARCHIES, ARISTOCRACIES, REPUBLICS, and ſuch *dangerous* topics, conſtituted no part of the converſation. The ſports of the field—the beſt guns—ſhots—dogs—horſes, and the *(imaginary)* exploits of their maſters, totally abſorbed every other conſideration. WONDERS (abſolute *impoſſibilities)* increaſed with the circulation of the glaſs; and, amongſt others, the following aſſertions were made, with the moſt *ſolemn* aſſurances of their veracity.

One had "killed *ſeventeen brace and a half* of birds in one day, from his own gun, without miſſing *a ſingle ſhot*." A ſecond "had left his *ſtaunch old pointer* ſtanding at a *jack-ſnipe*, while he went home two miles for his gun, and returning, ſprung the bird and killed it, to *his point*."—A third "had trotted his *hackney* twelve miles an hour, for three hours, *without drawing bit*, and at the concluſion of his journey, coming over Finchley Common, in the *duſk of the evening*, being attacked by a highwayman, he *ſtruck down* his piſtol, *ſtuck ſpurs* to his horſe, and beat him at a *canter*."—All theſe things, Gentlemen, do very well for the box of a *buck's eating-houſe*, particularly when decorated with the exhilarating glaſs, and the enlivening fumes of *tobacco*; but in the more ſerene moments of reflection, permit me to obſerve, that, although I have too great a reſpect for the ſuppoſed integrity of any man, to arraign his veracity, where no cauſe of accuſation or ſuſpicion has ariſen, (particularly where *nothing* can be *gained* by unqualified aſſertions) yet I cannot but recal to memory a remark I have ſomewhere ſeen, that there are a claſs of people, who entertainingly ſport falſehoods till they believe them to be FACTS.

This being admitted, I muſt confeſs it has made me *warp* very conſiderably in my original idea of *ſhooting* with the *long bow*, and of the public diſtinction between TRUTH and *falſehood*; and I now ſubmit it to your long experience and ſuperior judgment, as ſome part of the world (from a palpable deficiency of intellect) were undoubtedly generated when the FATHERS were *drunk*, and the MOTHERS *aſleep*, whether many of that deſcription may not become habitually addicted to *dreaming*, and SPORT the effervеſcence of their *nocturnal lucubrations*, without the neceſſary precaution to obſerve whether their AUDITORS are *awake*.

Your's, &c.

SNORE 'EM!

Manner of taking TURTLE DOVES *between* GNATIA *and* TARANTO. *From Swinburne's Travels in the Two Sicilies.*

GNATIA was the laſt ſtage but one of Horace's journey to Brunduſium, and now called Terre d'Aanazzo. Little remains, except part of the ramparts, which, near the ſea, are entire as high up as the bottom of the battlements. The town ſeems to have been ſquare, and its principal ſtreets drawn in ſtraight lines. The view toward

wards Monopoli is extremely beautiful.

Want of water caused the destruction of Gnatia; a scarcity I had an opportunity of being made sensible of, and which naturally explains Horace's phrase of

——— "*Gnatia lymphis*
Iratis extructa."

As we were trotting along the burning sands, one of the servants, (already half dead with heat and fatigue) had the additional ill fortune of being frightened almost out of his wits: he, on a sudden, gave a loud shriek, and threw himself from his horse, crying out that he was a dead man, for either a scorpion, a tarantula, or a serpent, had stung him on the instep. On pulling off his boot, I found that his terrors and pains were caused by the rays of the sun, which had penetrated through a hole in the upper leather, and raised a blister on the skin.

Soon after, we arrived at a small single house, consisting of a kitchen, loft, and stable, lately erected, for the convenience of travellers, by the agents of the Order of Malta, to which the land belongs. The kitchen was too hot for me to breathe in, and the other two apartments as full of fleas as Shakespeare's Inn at Rochester: so that my only refuge was the narrow shade of the house, which was contracted every minute more and more, as the sun advanced towards the meredian. Behind the house then I sat down, to dine upon the fare we had brought in our wallet. Unluckily I had not thought of wine and water, neither of which were now to be had tolerably drinkable, so that I was obliged to content myself with the water of a cistern full of tadpoles, and qualify it with a large quantity of wine that resembled treacle more than the juice of the grape. When I held the pitcher to my lips, I formed a dam with a knife, to prevent the little frogs from slipping down my throat. Till that day, I had but an imperfect idea of thirst.

As soon as we had recruited our strength and spirits, we left the inn, and retired gradually from the sea, drawing up towards the hills, through olive-groves that afforded us a very welcome shade. Flocks of turtle-doves skimmed across the road; but, though they frequently fluttered near me, I respected the virtues ascribed to them by the poets, too much to think of shooting at them. Young ones are esteemed a great dainty.

The mode of killing them is very singular:—When the sun is vertical, and the sky clear, a couple of sportsmen drive into the olive-grounds in an open chaise, and move slowly, but continually, round the trees, till they spy a dove sitting upon the boughs. The poor bird, struck with the unusual sight, or giddy with the rotation of the wheels, fixes its eyes upon them, and whirls its head round in imitation of their motion. When the eye of the turtle is thus fascinated, one of the fowlers slips out of the carriage, and fires his piece. Little stone basons, full of water, are also frequently placed for the doves to drink at, while the shooter lies in ambuscade, behind a bush.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT *of the* GAMES *and* DIVERSIONS *of the* SPANIARDS.

(Concluded from page 24.)

THE Spanish nation has a decided taste for dancing, and the greatest aptitude to excel in the art. The Seguidilla, as well as the Fandango, is a dance peculiar to the Spaniards; the figure is formed by eight persons; at each corner the four couple retrace, though but momentarily, the principal movements of the Fandango. A Spanish female, dancing the Seguidilla, dressed in character, accompanying the instrument with castanets, and marking the measure with her heel with uncommon precision, is certainly one of the most seducing objects which Love can employ to extend his empire.

Besides the dances peculiar to the nation, the Spaniards have adopted those of other countries, without excepting the minuet; but the noble, decent, and easy graces of this dance escape them. It appears, however, to have many attractions in the eyes of the Spaniards, and makes an essential part of their education.

But balls and concerts are not the only entertainments at which the Spaniards assemble. They have also their *tertulias* and *refrescos.* The tertulias are assemblies very similar to those of France. Perhaps more liberty reigns in the former, but languor sometimes establishes its throne there, as well as in the midst of the French circles.

We are told, by the Chevalier de Bourgoanne, that their *refrescos*, the invention of luxury and greediness, contribute no less than the tertulias to facilitate the intercourse of the two sexes. These, in general, are only light repasts, prepared for persons from whom visits are received, and are as a prelude to the tertulias; but, on great occasions, when a wedding, christening, or the birthday of the head of a family, is to be celebrated, the refrescob ecomes an important and very extensive affair. All the family acquaintance are invited; and, in proportion as they arrive, the men separate from the women. The latter take their seats in a particular chamber, and etiquette requires they should remain alone till all the company be assembled, or at least till the men stand up without approaching them. The lady of the house waits for them under a canopy, in a place set apart in the hall, which in ancient manners, not yet entirely abolished, was called the *estrado*, over which is usually suspended an image of the Virgin. The appearance of the refresco at length enlivens every countenance, and infuses joy into every heart; conversation becomes animated, and the sexes approach each other. The company are first presented with some glasses of water, in which little sugar-loaves (called *azucar esponjado*, or *rosado*) square, and of a very spongy substance, are dissolved; these are succeeded by chocolate, the favourite refreshment twice a day of the Spaniards, and which is believed to be so nourishing, or at least so innocent, that it is not refused to persons dangerously ill. After the chocolate, come all sorts of confectionary. It is hardly possible to conceal the profusion with which all these delicacies are distributed. People are not only cloyed with them in the house of festivity, but they put quantities of them into paper, and even into their hats and handkerchiefs; and the servants are speedily dispatched home with the precious

savings,

ſavings, which ſerve to cover the table of more than one miſer for ſeveral days. Though ſuch entertainments weigh heavily on the œconomy of individuals, it has, like other abuſes, become ſacred by length of time, and no perſon has ſufficient courage to be the firſt to ſhake off the yoke. —*Bourgoanne's Tr.* 194.

A ball, or card-tables, generally ſucceed the refreſco; but it very ſeldom happens that the entertainment is concluded with a ſupper. This is always a very frugal repaſt with the Spaniards, and at which they rarely aſſemble.

The Chevalier de Bourgoanne draws the following voluptuous portrait of the young ladies:—"Nothing," ſays he, "is more engaging than a young female Spaniard, of fifteen years of age: a face perfectly oval, hair of a fine clear auburn, equally divided on the forehead, and only bound by a ſilk net; large black eyes; a mouth full of graces; an attitude always modeſt; a ſimple habit of neat black ſerge, exactly fitting the body, and gently preſſing the wriſt: a little hand, perfectly proportioned; in fine, every thing charms in theſe youthful virgins. They recal to our recollection, the ſoftneſs, beauty, dreſs, and ſimplicity, of the young Grecian females, of whom antiquity has left ſuch elegant models. The angels, in Spaniſh comedy, are always repreſented by young girls"—*Bourgoanne's Tr.*

The ſame intelligent traveller alſo gives us his ſentiments on the Spaniſh ladies in general:—he ſays, "the countenance of the Spaniſh women is extremely ſenſible, and full of vivacity. They expreſs themſelves with rapidity, and have a ſeducing volubility of ſpeech: they are haſty, opinionated, and paſſionate, but have a good heart, and eaſily yield to reaſon, when it is poſſible to induce them to liſten to it. The Spaniſh women, in general, have eyes ſo lively, expreſſive, and intelligent, that, had they no other charms, they would be thought handſome." — *Bourgoanne's Traveles*, III. 356.

Though Mr. Swinburne, in his general picture of the Spaniſh women, exhibits a likeneſs, it is by no means a flattering one: he ſays, the Spaniſh are, in general, little and thin, but almoſt all have ſparkling black eyes, full of expreſſion. It is not the faſhion here, as in France, to heighten their *eclat* with paint. They are endowed, by nature, with a great deal of wit and lively repartee; but, for want of the poliſh and ſuccours of education, their wit remains obſcured by the rudeſt ignorance, and moſt ridiculous prejudices. Not one talent do they poſſeſs; nor do they ever work, read, write, or touch any muſical inſtrument; their cortejo, or gallant, ſeems their only plaything.—*Swinburne's Tr.* II. 217.

The Spaniſh theatre is nearly what it was in the laſt century: it is full of defects: incidents unreaſonably ſucceed each other, and are without probability; inequalities are numerous, and every thing is confounded.

Extraordinary FOX CHASE, *by the* DUKE *of* BEAUFORT'S *Hounds, at* CASTLE COOMBE.

IT is unneceſſary for us to take up the room which may be ſo much better appropriated, with another account of this ſingular chaſe, (it having been already fully deſcribed in page 285, of Volume III.) we ſhall only, therefore, make this ſhort addition, by way of introducing the elegant

elegant ENGRAVING annexed, that we conceived the subject in the hands of the ingenious artist might be made extremely interesting and picturesque; and if our judgment does not fail us very materially, it will also be the opinion of our friends that we have not been mistaken.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I READ in one part of your Magazine, that you are not certain how long cocks and hens will live: I can assure you, that Mr. Ellington, of Peterbro', had a hen that lived till she was 27 years and 4 months old: she was a partridge colour, and always bred black-breasted reds.—The following I communicate as facts, and shall be glad if you can account for them; I am famed for greyhounds: I had a favourite bitch named Minx; she was close warded, and when she had gone six weeks she received a kick from a colt; she was ill for two days, when she cast five puppies: I lamented my loss, but, to my agreeable disappointment, she went her regular time, and produced one whelp.—Mr. George Gaskel, of Thornhaugh, near Wansford, last year, was breeding from a favourite spaniel bitch, and, when she had gone more than half her time, she was taken with a vomiting, and threw up, through her mouth, 9 puppies, 7 of which were alive. If any of the faculty will be good enough to account for this, they will oblige the world, and particularly

Your's, &c.

HENRY THORNTON.

Stilton,
May 14th, 1794.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

Singular TRIAL *for a* BREACH *of* PROMISE *of* MARRIAGE.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.]

HILTON *v.* ARNOLD.

THIS was an action to recover from the defendant a satisfaction in damages, for a breach of promise of marriage.

It appeared in evidence, that the plaintiff was a maiden lady, aged fifty-six; the defendant, a young man of the age of twenty-three. He paid his addresses to the lady for about six weeks, and promised her marriage, both verbally and by letters under his hand.

The counsel for the defendant reprobated this action, on account of the disparity of the age of the parties. He said it was impossible for a jury to conceive that the defendant could be serious when he made the promise of marriage to the plaintiff, who had neither youth, beauty, nor fortune, to attract his notice; for she was deformed in body, had lost an eye, and had scarcely a tooth in her head.

The learned Judge observed, that, to maintain an action for damages, it was necessary that the promise of marriage should be made in a solemn manner; and the disparity of the age of the parties, was also a circumstance to be taken into consideration. It was, however, extremely improper for young men to sport with the feelings of old women, and there were cases in which juries had made them pay for their jokes.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff.—Damages 40s.

ROYAL

Cook Sculp.

Extraordinary FOX CHACE, *by the* Duke *of* Beauforts Hounds, *at* CASTLE COOMBE.

ROYAL CHASE.

THE ROYAL CHASE terminated on Tuesday the 29th ult. with a very contracted field, but an excellent run. The deer was turned out at Tower Hill, between Swinley and Bagshot, upon a signal being given that his MAJESTY was in sight at ASCOT. —Immediately upon his coming up, the hounds were laid on, and continued to run, in the highest stile, for more than an hour, through the parishes of *Easthampstead*, *Warfield*, *Winkfield*, and *Binfield*, nearly to NEW LODGE, before a view was obtained; when pressing him closely over the open commons of Waltham, and the adjoining inclosures, close to his haunches, they run up to him in the stream near Brickbridge, after an admirable chase of an hour and forty minutes; to which his *exertions* had doomed him a VICTIM, as he fell *dead* in the face of his pursuers, so soon as the belt was fixed round his leg, and he was considered in a state of preservation. The melodious echo of horns, surrounded by woods; the sonorous concert of hounds, and the sight of the lifeless game extended on the verdant glade, in the PRESENCE of MAJESTY, taking the most AMIABLE and FRIENDLY leave of the field, wishing *every individual* the "happiness of meeting again on Holyrood Day, (the 25th of September)" constituted a scene of rapturous gratification that is much more within the power of our numerous readers to conceive, than our literary efforts to describe.

The King's Plate of 100gs, to be run for by hunters that have hunted the last season with the stag-hounds, and in the termination of which his Majesty seems so highly entertained, is to be contested between

Ld Egremont's gelding, by Trentham.
Mr. Micklethwaite's ditto, by Criterion.
Ld Belfast's grey mare.
Mr. Lopez's ditto.

The betting at present is 4 to 1 Lord Egremont's against any one; 2 to 1 Lord Egremont against the field; Criterion against *either* or *both* the two last; and even betting the last is distanced. *Play* or *Pay*. This is, at present, the exact state of the betting; but we have it fresh in our memories, that, more *than once*, Lord EGREMONT has been the favourite *before starting*, but *ultimately* without the *least chance* of winning.

We are told, in the public advertisements, that "Ascot Races will be on Tuesday the 24th of June, and five following days." This can prove no unpleasant information to our SPORTING friends in the METROPOLIS, whose *ease* and *convenience* it will so directly correspond with, to have so delightful and contiguous *a sport*, as RACING on a SUNDAY.

FEMALE CAPRICE *a bad* HABIT.

AT the last assizes at Lancaster, a cause came on to be tried, wherein Mr. Walter Moore, of Manchester, was the plaintiff, and a clergyman of Yorkshire the defendant. — This action was brought for the recovery of a small sum for a habit, which the plaintiff, who is a tailor, had made for the defendant's wife. The habit was directed to be made in a fashionable manner: and, when first tried, received the lady's approbation. In a day or two

two afterwards she altered her opinion, alledging that it did not fit, and therefore returned it. The plaintiff, though conscious that the orders given had been fully complied with, yet requested that the habit might be again put on, and if any fault appeared in the making of it, that any other orders should be immediately attended to. Some trifling alterations was in consequence made, but still it did not meet the good opinion of the lady: she persisted in returning it; and, from its being forced on the hands of the plaintiff, he at length instituted this action. The jury, being perfectly satisfied with his conduct, had no hesitation in giving a verdict in his favour, for the full amount of his bill, which entitles him to costs.

⁂ *We have extracted the following from* Mrs. Piozzi's *ingenious Work lately published, entitled* British Synonymy, *which, we doubt not, will be acceptable to our Readers.*

Hound, Greyhound, Harrier, Terrier.

Foreigners, especially Germans, are apt to call every dog they see a *hoond*, which is the transcendental word for that animal in High Dutch, as I have been told. In our language, however, it only means that species of the canine race which hunts by *scent*, and gives the tongue either upon trail or drag: so sportsmen distinguish that peculiar taint left by the foot of hare or fox, when pursued by the opening pack, in a bright but dewy morning, over hill and dale sweetly diversified, till

> Echo, huntress once of Cynthia's train,
> Repeats the pleasing harmony again;

and the sweet animating sounds excite cheerfulness even in the sluggard's veins. Of this admirable creature, and his various denominations, much less his virtues, my little book does not mean to make the description: suffice it that I tell foreigners what no English gentleman is ignorant of—namely, how the greyhound has acquired the name; not by his nose, for he makes no use of it in *coursing*; while tall, swift, and quick-sighted, he depends wholly upon his eye to observe, on his long nervous legs to overtake the flying prey; but being the only dog which, without training to it, will kill a badger, formerly, in old English, called a gray, and persecute him even in his retirement, he was called the gray-hound; while harrier and terrier explain their office of themselves, even by the derivation of their names alone. The first follows the hare through all her doublings and deceits; the other, resolving to kill that fox which his more beautiful companions have pursued, but lost, goes after him even into his subterranean retreat—his *earth*, as sportsmen call it; and fighting him thus under *ground*, obtains the appellation, terrier, for that desperate bravery which remains unintimidated, and undiminished, even by the consciousness that he is combating in an enemy's country.

Hunting, Coursing, Shooting, Setting.

These synonymes, like the last, are intended chiefly for those strangers who call every sport of the field—*aller à la chasse*. *Alla caccia* too, the Italians call taking birds even by decoy; an amusement of the meanest kind I ever witnessed.

witnessed. But whatever we learn from foreign nations, 'tis never to *play*, unless at cards indeed, (for getting money is alike pleasing to the natives of every country) but the innocent and rural pastimes of one's youth can be enjoyed no where, except at home. Of these, in our Gothic language, continental visitants will find distinctions almost innumerable; but I will point out only the very obvious ones, because, if they reside at all in distant provinces, much of the evening conversation turns upon the excellency of our dogs, and the success of the chase.

Hunting, then, means the pursuit of hare, fox, or stag, by hounds bred for the purpose, and trained to the employ; while *coursing* is chiefly a trial of swiftness and skill between three grey-hounds, held in a *leash*, for the purpose of slipping them separately at the hare, which their quick eye easily discerns and finds, though among the fallows, where her brown colour and close-clapt ears conceal her, till speed seems still likelier to provide for her defence. Such, too, is her power, and such her skill, that, in a country full of upland, and rising grounds, fewer than a leash of grey-hounds can seldom catch her, so lightly does she skim the hedge-rows, so swift descend the hill, before the disappointed dog, whom, turning short, she eludes, scales the steep ascent again before he is able to stop his own speed, and, dipping on the other side, leaves him (for want of scent) perplexed and lost, the moment she is out of his view.—Shooting with pointers is a different diversion, and consists chiefly in your own ingenuity to take the aim, while the sagacity of your quadruped associates, when they *try* a field, the grace and elegance with which they hunt it over, and the variety of attitudes in which they stand, and point the game, are wonderfully pleasing, and seduce a man to continue the sport sometimes even to serious fatigue. *Setting*, mean time, is of a far less active genius, and fit enough for the most delicate lady to participate: as here is no blood to fright, no cruelty to shock her feelings; the pursuit in this case ending only remotely, not immediately, in the death of those partridges that fall at every stroke of the gunner. A fine summer evening is the true season for this amusement, when the still air, and fading glow of the horizon, encourage a train of reflections, not disturbed, but directed, by your beautiful, your obedient spaniel, towards the contemplation of man's native superiority; while that lovely, that intelligent creature, trusts not *himself*; but, yielding his opinion to that of his master, although often well apprised by nature where the covey lies, contentedly quarters all the stubble over at the command of his sovereign, appearing deeply interested too in *that* very search he could at pleasure put an immediate end to, by preferring his own often tried experience. When, however, he has permission to declare the truth, how gently, and with what flattering manners, does he avow it! how meekly manifest his modest transports! while couching close for the net, to pass over, and close in both himself and the game, he kindly reserves all the fatigues of the evening for himself—all the pleasure and profit for his master!—But enough on this delightful theme, despised by many without knowing why; for, after all, it is man's *Magna Charta*, granted

granted by God, in days of great antiquity, to hold dominion over inferior natures, and ſubjugate, by reaſon, the brute creation; engaging the affections of ſome with our careſſes, and making ourſelves formidable to others by our power.

REFLECTIONS *on the inceſtuous and immoral Practice of making* BULLS *in* ENGLAND.

(Communicated by a Lady.)

IT has long been an eſtabliſhed maxim, that, to improve the breed of bulls, and cows, it is neceſſary to croſs it with others of an alien ſtock, under an opinion, that continuing to breed from the ſame line weakens the ſtock. This idea, however rooted it may have been in the minds of former practitioners, is now entirely ſet aſide by the modern practice of breeding, not from the ſame line only, but from the ſame family; the inceſtuous ſire and the daughter, the ſon and the mother, the brother and the ſiſter, are now permitted to improve their own kind.—This practice is well known, under the term of breeding *in-and-in*: and in this way, it is ſaid, the improvement of the ſeveral breeds has advanced rapidly to a height unknown before in any age or nation.

The practice of letting out bulls by the ſeaſon, has alſo contributed much towards the improvement of a valuable breed; for one bull, thus employed, inſtead of being uſeful to his proprietor only, may, in a few years, extend the benefits of his ſtock through a whole diſtrict; and ſo fully are the ſtock-maſters convinced of its advantages, that eighty guineas have been given for the uſe of a bull for one ſeaſon. Some of theſe animals are in ſuch eſtimation, as to leap at the extraordinary price of five guineas a cow; and it is, perhaps, a circumſtance worth mentioning, that Mr. Fowler, of Rollbright, in Oxfordſhire, in 1789, for ten bull calves, refuſed 500 guineas!

Curious EPITAPH *at* BAKEWELL CHURCH, *in* DERBYSHIRE.

"UNDER this tomb lie the two wives of John Dale, of Bakewell, Barber-Surgeon, born at Sheldon. His firſt wife Elizabeth, was the daughter of Godfrey Foljambe, of Bakewell; his ſecond wife, Sarah, was the daughter of Bloodworth——

"Know, poſterity, that on the 8th of April, in the year of grace 1757, the rambling remains of the abovesaid John Dale were, in the 86th year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two wives.

This thing in life might raiſe ſome jealouſy,
Here all three lie together lovingly!
But from embraces here no pleaſure flows,
Alike are here all human joys and woes:
Here Sarah's chiding, John no longer hears,
And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears;
A period's come to all their toilſome lives,
The good man's quiet, ſtill are *both* his wives."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A BATTLE IN ESSEX

ON Saturday, April the 19th, about five o'clock in the afternoon, Blyth and Moſs, two noted fighters, met on the common near Battle-bridge, Eſſex, where it had been agreed they ſhould fight for five guineas; a ring was roped in, and a large concourſe of people attended; they fought near twenty minutes, when a diſpute ariſing reſpecting Blyth's falling, which by many was aſſerted to be accidental: it was therefore agreed by the umpires that the money ſhould be withdrawn.

During the races at Chefter, laft month, a main of cocks was fought, between the gentlemen of Chefhire, (Sunley feeder) and the gentlemen of Leicefterfhire (Lifter feeder) for 20gs a battle, and 500gs the main, which was won by the latter, 21 to 14, who alfo got 5 to 4 in the byes.

Mr. Donner's Drone colt, who won at 5 heats, at Malton, laft October, run 14 heats for 3 plates, viz. 4 at Stockton, 5 at Borough-bridge, and 5 at Malton. And what is further remarkable, John Sheperd who rode Drowfey, the winner at 5 heats, at Borough-bridge, rode the above colt at Malton; two circumftances not to be paralleled in racing.

MAIDSTONE, APRIL 22.

Yefterday was rung at our church for the firft time, by the Maidftone Society of Ringers, in three hours and 36 minutes, a peal of 5000 changes of Maidftone new bob major royal; the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th bells were together the right way behind 300 times.

The above peal was compofed and called by Mr. Thomas King.

LEICESTER.

On Monday, April 24, Mr. Holt's peal of 5040 grandfire tripples (with the fixth bell the obfervation) was at St. Peter's in Nottingham, in three hours and thirty minutes, by the Junior Society in that town, who alfo rang it (with the feventh bell the obfervation) on Shrove Tuefday morning laft.

BETTING ROOM,
TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1794.
BETTED

6 to 4 Lurcher againft Ld Grofvenor for the Main of the Oatlands.

3 to 1 agft Ld Grofvenor's Doxy, f. for the Oaks.

5 to 2 agft the D. of Bedford's Dungannon, c. out of Leonora, for the Derby.

6 to 4 Ld. Egremont's Grey horfe, agft Ld Clermont's Peggy.

6 to 4 Cayenne wins the 1200gs.

CHESS CLUB.

On Saturday May 3, Mr. Phillidor played three games againft three good chefs-players at the fame time. Two of the games he performed blindfold, and the third he looked over the boards. The blindfold games were againft Mr. Hull and Chevalier de la Radiere, a French Emigrant.—Mr. Bowdler moved for Mr. Phillidor againft Mr. Hull, Mr. Rameau moved for him againft the Chevalier. The game looking at the boards he played againft Mr. Wilfon. This was one of the moft interefting matches ever witneffed by the amateurs. Mr. Phillidor was wonderfully clear in his memory, and actually won the three games, after two hours ftrong conteft. What is remarkable, all the games ended at the fame time, and were won by only a *pawn* advantage. There was a very large and elegant company prefent.

On the morning of the 6th of May, as Mr. Robertfon, of Caftle-Hall, near Milford, was going out for the diverfion of otter-hunting (an amufement common in that country) he was fuddenly faluted with the cry of fome of his hounds on finding a fox. His fondnefs for the fport induced him to encourage his little pack, confifting only of feven dogs, which, however, compelled the nightly robber of the hen-rooft to abandon

his

his covert, and ſeek protection from his aſſailant by flight. After an exceeding hard run of upwards of two miles, they forced him to enter the town of Haverfordweſt, and in no ſmall degree aſtoniſhed the natives of that place.

On Saturday, May the 10th, a ſmart foot-race was decided on the Brighton turnpike-road, between a Lincolnſhire-man and another of this town, commonly called *The Pye Man.* They ran ſix miles, for a purſe of twenty guineas, which was won by the latter, who ran his ground over in thirty-one minutes and a half.

CRICKET.

On Tueſday, May 13, and the following day, a grand match of cricket was played in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between eight gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, and four men given, againſt eleven gentlemen of London, for five hundred guineas a ſide.

MARY-LE-BONE CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Hon. Mr. Tufton, ſen. b. Lord	6	c. W. Beeſton, Eſq. —	20
Ray, b. ditto — —	13	b. Lord — —	23
Hon. Mr. Twiſleton, c. Dale	1	c. Mr. Dale — —	0
Ingram, b. Lord — —	0	c. Mr. Jackſon —	10
Hon. Mr. Tufton, jun. b. ditto	5	b. Lord — —	18
Nicoll, Eſq. c. J. Beeſton, Eſq.	2	b. ditto — —	2
Clerk, Eſq. c. Dale —	26	b. ditto — —	3
Bedſter, run out — —	6	b. ditto — —	1
Melliſh, Eſq. b. Lord —	0	c. Golding, Eſq. —	5
Brandling, Eſq. c. J. Beeſton, Eſq.	12	b. Lord — —	7
R. Walpole, Eſq. not out —	9	c. Golding, Eſq. —	1
Sylveſter, b. Lord — —	1	not out.	3
Byes	0	Byes	0
Total	81	Total	95

LONDON.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
W. Beeſton, Eſq. c. Clerke, Eſq.	4	c. Ray — —	1
Briden, Eſq. run out —	8	run out — —	6
Wheeler, Eſq. run out —	5	b. Bedſter —	1
J. Beetſon, Eſq. c. Bedſter	5	c. R. Walpole, Eſq. —	2
Rice, Eſq. c. Hon. Mr. Tufton, jun.	0	c. Sylveſter —	1
Mr. Dale, b. Bedſter —	3	b. Bedſter —	0
Mr. Jackſon, b. ditto —	0	b. ditto — —	0
Wall, Eſq. b. Sylveſter —	1	not out — —	0
Graham, b. ditto —	25	b. Bedſter — —	1
Goldham, Eſq. b. Nicoll, Eſq.	9	c. Melliſh, Eſq. —	6
Lord, not out —	0	c. Bedſter — —	15
Byes	4	Byes	2
Total	64	Total	35

PEDESTRIANISM EXTRAORDIRARY.

May 14, a man of 55 years of age completed his walk of an hundred miles, within ſix minutes of 24 hours, upon Clapham Common. He began about twelve o'clock the preceding day, and was confined to the circuit of half a mile. The wager of ten guineas, for which the walk was undertaken, was performed with the utmoſt eaſe, upon a ſcale of compariſon, as he has previouſly walked over the ſame ſpace of ground, at Brighton, in twenty-two hours.

On Wedneſday, May 21, and the following day, a grand match of cricket was played in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-Bone, between nine gentlemen of the Mary-le-Bone Club, with two men given, againſt eleven of London, for five hundred guineas.

MARY-LE-BONE CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Hon. Mr. Tufton, ſen. b. Lord	0	c. Ray — —	5
Hon. Mr. Tufton, jun. run out	0	c. Rice, Eſq. —	0
Hon. Mr. Twiſleton, b. Lord	2	b. Ray — —	1
Clerk, Eſq. b. Ray —	19	b. ditto — —	1
Bedſter, b. Lord —	10	ſtumpt, J. Beeſton, Eſq.	5
Nicoll, Eſq. b. ditto —	6	b. Ray — —	8
R. Brandling, Eſq. b. ditto	2	run out — —	1
Turner, not out —	28	c. Goldham, Eſq. —	2
R. Walpole, Eſq. b. Wray	0	b. Ray — —	0
Donithorn, Eſq. b. Lord —	0	not out — —	0
Lord Milſington, b. Ray -	1	c. Golding, Eſq. —	0
Byes	0	Byes	7
Total	68	Total	36

LONDON.

FIRST INNINGS.	
Bridon, Eſq. c. Mr Tufton, jun. —	7
Wheeler, Eſq b. Turner —	4
Graham, hit wicket — —	9
Ray, b. Turner — —	64
Rice, Eſq. c. R Brandling, Eſq. —	0
Lord, c. Mr. Tufton, ſen. —	3
Goldham. Eſq. b. Turner —	5
J Beeſton, Eſq. c. Mr. Tufton, ſen.	27
Rubigall, b. Bedſter — —	10
Sheppard, run out — —	4
Dale, not out — —	0
Total	134

WINCHESTER,

WINCHESTER, MAY 17.

There was a poney-race on Monday laſt, on Compton-down, for a bridle and ſaddle, which was won by Mr. Newlyn, of Newbarn. A ſilver cup was afterwards run for by hacks, which was very eaſily won by a horſe the property of a gentleman at Chicheſter: it was a hollow thing, the other five that ſtarted being all diſtanced. Two or three bye matches were run.—If tumbling can be called good ſport, there was plenty of that; however, we are happy to hear that no material accident happened. A great number of perſons were preſent.

One day laſt month, a horſe leaped over the parapet wall of Kelſo-bridge, on the north ſide, at the third arch from the eaſt end, and fell into the Tweed, where it was only three feet deep, and from a height of forty-five feet, without receiving any injury except bleeding a little at the noſe.

Laſt month, one of the officers of the 86th regiment undertook, for conſiderable wager, to walk 156 miles in 72 hours, which he accompliſhed (upon the road from Shrewſbury to the Iron-bridge) in an hour and three quarters leſs than the ſtipulated time.

NORWICH.

Daniel Withick, who was ſome time ſince mentioned to have been capitally convicted and ſentenced to die, for having ſhot a foal which treſpaſſed on his ground, has received his Majeſty's pardon, on condition of being confined in Wymondham Bridewell.

Mr. Leſlie Groves, in a quarrel with Lord Barrington, has been gaining freſh notoriety at Cheſter. The origin of the diſpute is dated as far back as March laſt, when his lordſhip's poſt-chaiſe ran againſt, and overſet, one, in which were three ladies.—Mr. Groves, with peculiar gallantry, wrote to his lordſhip, requiring an apology for the injury which they had received. His lordſhip returned a verbal anſwer, that it was his ſervant's, and not his fault. Mr. Groves demanded ſatisfaction, but his lordſhip taking no notice of his repeated letters, he has at length given them to the public in the form of hand-bills. One of his notes, after expreſſing his aſtoniſhment that his lordſhip had not replied to his repeated applications, gave him what he terms an Iriſh invitation to breakfaſt, obſerving that he had provided bread, butter, tea, eggs, and piſtols, for two.

Since the deceaſe of Lord George Cavendiſh, it has been matter of ſome diſpute whether the honourable diſtinction of "*Father of the Turf*," is to be conferred on Lord Clermont or the Duke of Queenſberry. *Arcades ambo.*

Lord George Cavendiſh is believed to have died extremely rich. Halker Hall, his eſtate in Lancaſhire, which came to him from

from the lady of a Sir William Lowther, who was originally a Cavendish, descends to his brother, Lord Frederick. His money is disposed of by will.

WEDDING HASTE.

A gentleman in Yorkshire, having gained the consent of his fair one, procured a licence, and the nuptials were celebrated without delay: a few days after the union, it was discovered that the bride's name was Frances; but the lover, in his great haste for happiness, had *galloped* over that of his favourite, and *stumbled* upon the name of her youngest sister, *Esther!* The minds of the company had been too much occupied to attend to *trifles* during the ceremony, and there was no method of rectifying this singular mistake, but by a *re-marriage*, which, to make all secure, was done with banns.

At Reading fair, there was a remarkable large shew of fine horses of all kinds. Great numbers were bought up for the army; but those of the draught kind had rather a dull sale, from the great prices asked for them. The cattle fair was well filled, and nearly the whole sold early in the day at good prices.

The celebrated Buck English, who lately died in Ireland, spent the latter part of his life in litigious turmoil, and was a man who experienced infinite vicissitudes of fortune. Born to a large estate, the earlier part of his life was spent in scenes of the most unbounded dissipation; but these were curtailed when he got into the hands of a litigious attorney, who, for years, kept him out of his property. Mr. English was tried for his life, for the murder of Mr. Powell, and was with difficulty acquitted, and escaped narrowly from being torn to pieces by the mob in Cork. Previous to this, he threw a waiter out of a window, and desired him to be "charged in the bill!" In his career, he fought two duels with swords, in the streets of Dublin—was a member of parliament, and an excellent speaker; was thrown into a loathsome prison for debt, where his constitution was totally destroyed, and died immediately on his enlargement, and just as he recovered his fortune.

MAD DOGS.

There are a great number at present in the neighbourhood of Walthamstow. One of these animals was killed on Sunday last, by some country people, after a long chase and severe contest; though unfortunately not before it had bitten a number of dogs in Wood and Marsh-streets.

Sunday, April 27, a mad dog broke away from Moore's stable-yard, Duke-street, Bloomsbury, and, in a furious manner, ran over a child in the same street, whom he left unhurt—took his career through Oxford-street, down Wells-street, and towards the New Road, Mary-le-bone. In this rout he seized, and violently bit four men, two women, and five of the canine race. A prodigious concourse of people joined in the pursuit, horsemen and foot, variously armed, with pitchforks, &c. and in the New Road came up with the dog, and were in at the death. Some of these unfortunate victims, having a foolish impression on their minds, dressed the liver of the animal, as an antidote against the dreadful malady.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PROLOGUE TO THE JEW.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

OUR comic bard, before whofe roving eye,
Kingdoms and ftates in magic vifion lie,
Sweeps o'er the map, and, with a partial fmile,
Fixes at length on his beloved ifle—
He views her deck'd in all her natural charms,
And wrapt in peace amidft the din of arms,
"Here, here, (he cries) on Albion's foftering breaft
The arts are fhelter'd, and the mufes reft;
Here I will build my ftage, by moral rule,
And fcenic meafure here erect my fchool—
A fchool for prejudice, oh! that my ftroke
Could ftrip that creeper from the Britifh oak!
Twin'd round his generous fhaft the tangled weed
Sheds on the undergrown its baneful feed."
This faid, he bids us ftrike the daring blow
That lays his fame, or this defiler low.
And now our Prologue fpeaks—in former days
Prologues were abftracts of their feveral plays,
But now, like guilty men who dread their doom,
We talk of ev'ry thing but what's to come.
As for our fable little I'll unfold,
For out of little, much cannot be told:
'Tis but one fpecies in the wide extent
Of prejudice, at which our fhaft is fent;
'Tis but the fimple leffon of the heart—
Judge not the man by his exterior part:
Virtue's ftrong root in every foil will grow,
Rich ore lie buried under piles of fnow.
If, to your candour, we appeal this night
For a poor client—for a lucklefs wight,
Whom bard ne'er favour'd, whofe fad fate has been
Never to fhare in one applauding fcene,
In fouls like yours there fhou'd be found a place,
For ev'ry victim of unjuft difgrace.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

Spoken by MISS FARREN.

TRUTH has declar'd, and queftion it who can,
Woman was once a rib of lordly man;
And fome, perhaps, would rifk a little pain
To hitch that rib into it's place again;
For let the heart-ache, or what aught betide,
They're fure t trace it to the peccant fide:
Till fixt at length, they centre all the blame
In that one rib, from whence the woman ca.. e.
Now this is downright prejudice and fpleen,
A plea for trufting us behind the fcene;
And there we ftood for many a longing age,
Not let to fteal one foot upon the ftage;
Till now, when all their tyrant acts are paft,
Curtfying we come, like Epilo.ue, at laft;
And you fo little are inclin'd to roufe us,
You wonder how your Father's did without us.
Sure we can lightlier touch thofe feeling parts,
That twine about the region of your hearts;
Paffion, that from the lips of woman flows,
Warm to man's foul, with magic fwiftnefs goes;
And tho' the fphere be fmall in which we move,
Great is the recompenfe when you approve.
Whilft nature and your candour hold their courfe,
So long our charter will remain in force,
Nor will you grudge the privilege you gave,
Till we forget to fmile upon the brave.
Still in the flippery path that brings us near
Forbidden precincts, we muft tread with fear,
Never forgetting nature has decreed
A certain limit we muft not exceed.

Does my weak caſt in tragic pathos lie?
Why, then, ſo diſmal, gentle poet, why?
In mirth oft times the nuptial knot I've ty'd,
But never was till now a mourning bride.
If to my ſhare ſome moving ſpeeches fall,
Look in my face, and they'll not move at all——
Yet, not to drop at once Eliza's ſtile,
One word in earneſt, and without a ſmile:
Thro' all the characters of varied life—
All the fond caſts of parent, child, or wife,
What part ſoe'er our author has aſſign'd,
To that we muſt conform, with patient mind—
So, at the drama's cloſe, when we appear,
We may obtain a parting plaudit here.

SONGS
IN THE
NEW OPERATIC FARCE
CALLED
LOVE AND HONOUR.

SONG—MRS. MARTYR.

I'LL learn apace to ſplice and brace,
And mount a loft with ſpeed—
To ſteer and tack—to ſail and back—
And fight too, if there's need:
However toſt—whate'er my poſt
Below—on deck—or 'bove—
I'll bleſs my king, and cheerly ſing,
Sweet William is my love.

Throughout the ſhip—I'll nimbly trip,
To learn my leſſon pat;
A merry grig—thus fix my twig—
And roguiſh cock my hat:
Thus quite a tar—in dreſs, gait, air,
O'er ſea I'll boldly rove,
And bleſs my king, and cheerly ſing,
Sweet William is my love.

SONG.—MR. TOWNSHEND.

MY boys would you known how our ſhip got her name,
You ſhall ſpeedily learn that from me.
When ready to launch, ſhe was chriſten'd by FAME—
The ALBION—the pride of the ſea.

As ſhe daſh'd from the dock, t'embrace her own wave,
She ſprung with a heart full of glee,
And cried—let no man, but the true Britiſh brave—
The ALBION—the pride of the ſea.

When glorious to view, ſhe ſwam on the main,
This, this is my throne, exclaim'd ſhe,
And the ſceptre, my boy, we e'er will ſuſtain,
Of ALBION—the pride of the ſea.

What honour to her fame and vict'ry have paid,
To hiſtory go, and you'll ſee,
The world has been ſway'd—and ſhall ever be ſway'd
By ALBION—the pride of the ſea.

THE BAT:

A SONNET, BY MRS. RATCLIFFE,

From her intereſting romance, entitled, "The Myſteries of Udolpho."

NOW the bat circles on the breeze of eve,
That creeps, in ſhudd'ring fits along the wave,
And trembles 'mid the woods, and through the cave,
Whoſe lonely ſighs the wanderer deceive;
For oft when melancholy charms his mind,
He thinks the ſpirit of the rock he hears,
Nor liſtens but with ſweetly-thrilling fears,
To the low, myſtic murmurs of the wind!
Now the bat circles, and the twilight dew
Falls ſilent round, and o'er the mountain cliff,
The gleaming wave, and far-diſcover'd ſkiff
Spreads the grey veil of ſoft, harmonious hue.
So falls o'er grief the due of pity's tear,
Dimming her lovely viſions of deſpair.

SONNET, FROM THE SAME.

GO pencil, faithful to thy maſter's ſighs!
Go—tell the goddeſs of the fairy ſcene,
When next her light ſteps wind theſe wood walks green,
Whence all his tears, his tender ſorrows riſe:
Ah! paint her form, her ſoul-illumin'd eyes,
The ſweet expreſſion of her penſive face,
The light'ning ſmile, the animated grace
The portrait well the lover's voice ſupplies;
Speaks all his heart muſt feel, his tongue would ſay.
Yet, ah! not all his heart muſt ſadly feel!
How oft the flow'ret's ſilken leaves conceal
The drug that ſteals the vital ſpark away!
And who that gazes on that angel ſmile,
Would fear it's charms, or think it could beguile!

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM

On a Young Lady, who walks in public with her breasts nearly uncovered.

To —— ——.

AS pedlars, to allure the passers by,
Display their goods to catch the wand'ring eye,
So you, mistaken maid, lay ope' your breast,
And think that sight will recommend the rest:
But let it, prithee, henceforth be conceal'd,
For charms like yours, tempt most when least reveal'd.

The following morsel is so exquisitely simple and tender that it places an additional feather in the full-plumed bonnet of it's author.

A SCOT'S SONG.

BY ROBERT BURNS,

Tune——"The Sutor's Dochter."

WILT thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul!
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow, that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie—
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie!

Lassie say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilrna be my ain,
Sayna thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be
Thou for thine may chuse me:
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me!

TO THOSE WHO UNDERSTAND THEM.

GOOD *Nature* gave that harmless kiss
As sweet from Anna's lips it fell;
I'll trust,—that he, who shar'd that bliss
Should ne'er the gentle favour tell.

Then he who basely breaks that vow,
No rites to Venus e'er shall send,
But scorn'd before her shrine shall bow,
Nor in that goddess find a friend.

Banks of the Yare. NEMO.

SONG.

By R. B SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE wand'ring tar, who not for years has prest
The widow'd partner of his day of rest,
On the cold deck, far from her arms remov'd,
Still hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd;
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.

The soldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the pleasure of his Nancy's smile,
But e'er the battle should he list her cries,
The lover trembles, and the hero dies.
That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,
Droops at a sigh, and sickens at a tear.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

AN ODE.

PARNASSUS, up thy hill I mean to climb——
No muse, I ask, to give me lyric fire,
Bright sparkling ale, do thou alone inspire,
Unworthy of thy aid my humble rhyme.

Mellifluent ale! gift of the bounteous goddess*,
Unfathomable let my hogsheads flow;
Blest malt, for ever, let me quaff thy produce,
Thou first, best gift, that mortals e're can know.

Hail source of bliss! pure beverage, all hail!
Reward of honest industry design'd,
Thy influence, all powerful, ne'er shall fail,
When weariness or cares perplex the mind;

The rugged husbandman, who tills the earth,
And in gay rustic strains records thy worth,
For all his pains, sole asks thy mantling smile,
A great, a rich reward, for all his toil.

Where is the wretch, unhappy, doom'd to care,
Or poverty, or griping pain,
A black destructive train,
Or he who pines a prey to deep despair.
See from the foaming mug, a ray divine,
Superior far, to riot-stirring wine.

* Ceres.

He quaffs the regal prize,
Dispers'd his sorrow flies.
Affliction hence, I'm arm'd with coat of mail——
Behold—a gallon of mild sparkling ale;
In vain is thrown thy pain inflictive dart,
Foil'd by the mantling fluid round my heart.

Content, sweet maid, clad in a russet gown,
Far from the riot of the noisy town,
Enjoy, with me, delights that never fail,
That flow from ruddy exercise, and chearful ale.

Health with thy comely train appear—
Black riot, foe to peace, is never here;
Nor drunkennefs, that unclean beast,
Nor gluttony, sole pleas'd when at a feast.

Then come, and while the smiling boast is mine,
With me, partake the generous gift divine:

CYMON B——

AIR IN THE PACKET BOAT.

AIR V.—SCAMPER.

LUD, Sir, I've been every where,
Round the globe have rattled;
In ev'ry gig have had my share,
In ev'ry lingo prattled.
I talk'd my way,
By night or day,
And dash'd off many a story,
Where'er I came,
'Twas all the same,
My home was there before me.

In chaise marine, or palanquin,
Or, elephant, or mule back,
Or grand berlin without, within,
Or rein-deer o'er the snow track:
From huge volcanos, hissing hot,
Where clust'ring fruit invites you,
To barren Norway's frozen spot,
Where e'en the zephyr bites you,
I talk'd my way, &c.

The following stanzas were written on the birth day of Sir —— ——. The only bad part about them is that they have been too near upon the prophetic. And that which was so gaily ironical has changed its effect with its nature, being most woefully true. —They are by Dr. Johnson.

LONG expected one-and-twenty
Lingering year, at length is flown;
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
Great Sir ——, are now your own.

Loosen'd from the minor tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell;
Wild as wind, and light as feather,
Bid the sons of Thrift, farewell.
Call the Betseys, Kates and Jennies,
All the names that banish care;
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,
Shew the spirit of an heir!
All that prey on vice or folly,
Joy to see their quarry fly;
There the gamester light and jolly;
There the lender grave and sly:
Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will:
Call the jockey,—call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.
When the bonny blade carouses,
Pockets full and spirits high;
What are acres?—what are houses,
Only dirt,—or wet, or dry.
Should the guardian, friend, or mother,
Tell the woes of wilful waste:
Scorn their counsel— scorn their pother,
You can hang, or drown at last.

The beginning of the present month of May, Mrs. WELLS *made her first appearance on the Dublin stage, and gave her imitations before a crowded audience, which were received with the most unbounded applause. —Previous to her performance, Mrs.* WELLS *spoke the following address:—*

WRITTEN BY E. TOPHAM, ESQ.

AS some poor merchant on a stranger coast,
Offers his humble wares to each kind host,
Hoping his little box, when ope'd to view,
May give a somewhat fit for you or you.
Thus do I venture in a foreign land,
A timid dealer, waiting your command.
But wherefore should an idle fear be nam'd?
Your hospitable shores have long been fam'd,
Your gentle hearts have never said refuse,
Can they then harden when a woman sues?
But mark, that mine are humble importations,
Not goods original, but imitations!
If in your faithful memories there should live,
Those tragic tones which Siddons boasts to give;
If Crouch or Abington dwell on your ear,
Or comic Jordan have remembrance here.
And O, if dearer still, with powers an host,
The name of Crawford cannot well be lost:
With thrilling notes that fix'd the admiring throng,
Which Barry liv'd to guide, and guide so long.
If then such names in your remembrance be,
Think what they were, and then you'll pardon me,
Not actress—but the actresses' epitome.